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ARNOLD GINGRICH

EDITOR

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VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

Up in the designing department of W. and J. Sloane they are used to filling anything in the way of special requests. They were a bit put to it though, to take care of the lady who wrote to order two beds for her dogs. But they rallied around and soon shipped off two little jewels in bleached mahogany. The beds came right back, with a letter from the lady saying she had forgotten to mention that they were Great Danes. Finally, equipped with box springs and an innerspring mattress, back they went and as far as W. and J. Sloane know, the dogs are satisfied.

* * *

Western Union's messenger service, which will throw rice at weddings or feed pigeons if people can't get there themselves, has come in for a lot of kidding. Most of all W. U. has been joshed about its offer to make a fourth at bridge whenever called upon.

Put to the test one day, the company came through beautifully when a request came from a Park Avenue address for a boy who used the Culbertson system of asking bids. A bright young clerk was pressed into a uniform and reported for duty immediately.

When he found the elegant trio really meant it, he buckled down for Western Union and at the end of an evening came out 2,000 points ahead. He wouldn't take any of his winnings,

aside from a fee for the time, but said he'd like to come again. We got together with Western Un-

ion and figured out a scheme to make life smoother with everybody. Here is how it works. When you see anything advertised in Coronet accompanied by this symbol all you have to do is pick up your telephone anytime, Sunday or holiday, day or night, and call Western Union. Ask them where in your vicinity you can buy the merchandise and quick as anything, they'll tell you. There's no obligation,

the unnecessary shopping around.

* * *

naturally. And it will eliminate all

It is pleasant to think of the discovery made by one of the girls at Primrose House, where, according to the sign over the door, dwells youth.

Science and Primrose House have discovered that utter silence is necessary to the removal of wrinkles from some of the busiest and most important faces in New York. Operators are instructed to pat and pound with abandon, but the operation must be conducted in a sempiternal quiet.

One young lady, parched after twenty minutes unbroken even by a cough, desperately thrust a gob of cold cream in her mouth and says she felt much better. Now they're all doing it. It soothes the throat and suppresses the mad desire to say something.

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"Luranet"

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VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

Down at the United States Lines offices the staff gets to poring over maps in planning cruises or writing the kind of advertising copy that makes the public start packing its trunks. Gradually they have evolved a fine game of English Towns, one of the best on record for whiling away an evening. One list, which loomed high in the final judging, included the villages of Kirby-le-Sokem, Shepton Mallet, Kirby Overblow, Up Ottery and Nether Wallop. Another lad almost took first prize with a Lewis Carrollish list of Snape, Drax, Wath, Thwing and Roos until someone came along with Ugthorp, Helion Bumstead, Worksop, Huish Episcopi and Ugley. The office was thrown into a furor with the discovery of Egg Jump, Butter Bump, High Ham and Great Fryup, but no one could question the laurel on the brow of the lady who came through with Glaston-Twelve-Hides, Zeal Monachorum, Chilton Ffoliat, Wookey Hole and Lumb-in-Rossendale.

Abercrombie and Fitch is still taking the recent abdication seriously, and from the looks of the advance orders on the new bronze clocks they are bringing out this fall, all good anglophiles still are too. The clocks, modernized with a Telechron movement, are facsimiles of the British crown, some of them with the crest of George VI and some with that of Edward VIII. To Abercrombie and Fitch's amazement, most people still prefer the Edwards to the Georges.

Revillon Freres, purveyors of perfumes as well as fine furs, were surprised and pleased to get a letter from an engineer in Lazy Bay, Alaska, the other day. Wrote the engineer: "After reading your advertisement recommending the use of your scent by gorgeous creatures outward bound from Reno I am deeply impressed with its possibilities when used by those alluring women who have no thought of Reno. I am returning home soon after five months in the wilds of Africa. Please send an ounce bottle of Tornade by airmail to my wife."

It gives one pause to think of the attention Harold Parkhurst, master parachute jumper, pays his personal appearance. Mr. Parkhurst took off from 10,000 feet the other day, and quick as a flash plugged his Packard Lektro-Shaver into a battery he happened to be carrying in his pocket. It took him eight minutes to come down, but by the time he got there, his face was clean as a whistle.

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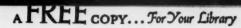
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By EMIL LUDWIG

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Sheba; of Alexander the Great; of the Ptolemies; of Abyssinian slave markets; of Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra; of Bonaparte - and countless other heroes, adventurers and madmen who make up the splendid pageant which has followed the course of the Nile.

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HEINZ TOMATO JUICE

ONE-CAUSE MINDS

A PLEA AGAINST OVER-SIMPLIFICATION IN WAGING THE CAMPAIGN TO END WAR



THE only causes of war are eco-I nomic causes, and people who refuse to admit this are living in a dream, unable to face the stark, unvarnished facts." Here we have a composite of innumerable statements made by an equally innumerable collection of war-cause-ascertainers since the close of the World War. Sometimes, of course, the statements are tempered, and we are told that the causes of war are only primarily economic-say 98 per cent. But whether the palpitating public is granted this liberal concession or not, it is always left with the same basic idea: Get rid of economic disputes and misunderstandings, and you automatically get rid of war.

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I'm more than a little weary of this credo. I'm weary because I don't believe it, and I am particularly weary because anyone who disputes it is so swiftly and consistently accused by its champions—the possessors of one-cause minds—of going around with his head in the clouds. Now the problem of cause and effect is one of the oldest to baffle the human intellect, and the solution is not yet with us and

never will be. About all we know—if we stop to think about it—is that innumerable causes combine to create an effect, and that it is difficult, to say the least, to single out one of the causes and prove it the primary one. In spite of this we always have with us the type of mind that can invariably advance one all-inclusive reason for every event that takes place on this turbulent planet.

I get in my car and drive to New York. What is the cause of my arrival? -Because a spark ignites gasoline vapor, causing an explosion capable of moving pistons. -Because a system of gears applies the power of my engine to the back wheels of my car. -Because a steering wheel, attached to my front wheels, enables me to guide my car where I want it and hence end up in New York, and not in a ditch or in South Bend, Indiana, or Tampa, Florida. -Because, to take other causes purely at random, I was born in America instead of Siam, because somebody invented rubber tires, because New York is an important business city, and because a certain doctor cured me of pneumonia

when I was three years old. If the spark failed to ignite my gas mixture, I wouldn't have arrived in New York. Was its satisfactory functioning the only cause, or even the primary one, of my arrival?

Now economic disputes do happen to cause wars, but are we justified in assuming that they are the only causes-that their abolishment would automatically give us all the conditions prerequisite to continual peace? We are not. Nations go to war for the same basic reasons that private citizens occasionally cuff one another about, and it happens to be a fact that people have been known to quarrel for other than purely monetary reasons. When Mr. Jones calls Mr. Smith a yellow-bellied liar, or pushes him off the sidewalk, or reflects on his spouse's virtue, one can hardly maintain that Mr. Smith's right to Mr. Jones' eye was the result of an economic struggle.

It doesn't follow, of course, reasoning from logic, that nations necessarily fight each other for these same un-economic reasons that impel private individuals to fly off the handle. No, it doesn't follow logically, but it simply happens to be a matter of observable fact that they have done so, and will probably continue to do so—a fact just as observable as the economic factors which our war-cause-ascertainers so unerringly observe.

In the late lamented World War we have as nice a little object lesson as

anybody could reasonably demand for a mere ten million snuffed out lives. The World War, some of the bolder ascertainers tell us, was due entirely to economic causes. The only worth while answer to this is: rubbish. But some of the critics are more conservative. It broke out merely primarily because of economic struggles. The answer to this, as in the case of our automobile, is that it is a mighty difficult undertaking to single out one of a number of causes and maintain that it is the primary onemighty difficult indeed in the case of the World War.

Yes, there were economic causes. France wanted Alsace and Lorraine back, and Germany wanted a place in the sun—depending on how you look at it. Russia wanted the Dardanelles open to her own ships and closed to all others. England wanted her great sea trade to be unhampered by the challenging German navy. Austria wanted her crumbling empire tightened. The South Slavic people under her domination wanted just the opposite.

But there were economic causes that tended to prevent the powers from lining up as they did when war finally broke out. England and Russia had long been at odds over the Caucasian oil fields. All had not been roses between English and French colonial interests in Africa. And even Germany and Austria had their economic difficulties over high German duties on Austrian products.

War did not break out until the weight of nationalism, huge armaments, opposing alliances, newspaper vilification, and the theory of "inevitability," among other causes, combined with economic ones to upset the applecart. It is all very well to argue that if the Sarajevo assassination hadn't occurred, war would have broken out sooner or later. It is extremely probable that it would have. But the assassination did occur, and its importance as a light-shedder on the various causes that combine towards wars has too frequently been minimized.

Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austrian throne, was assassinated by a young man, Gavrilo Princep, a Bosnian Serb. Princep, like many other Bosnian Serbs, was dedicated to the principle of doing away with Austrian officials, high or low, in Bosnia which had been annexed by Austria eight years before. An economic motive? That depends how far you want to simplify matters. Wasn't it more a political motive, one inspired by ardent nationalism? Princep, when asked his motives, had little to say about economic grudges. He said, simply, that he didn't like Austrians. He didn't like Austrians! "I don't like foreigners," Isn't that a motive that impels people to fight one another, a motive just as basic as the bread-and-butter one-in fact one even more deeply instilled in most human beings? It is the instinctive dislike and distrust of people, ideas,

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and customs that are different from one's own.

After all it is the motives that a man feels that impel him to fight his fellow men, not possible underlying ones of which he has little comprehension. And if that doesn't make sense, I ask you to recall the propaganda employed in all countries during the World War. Did the ruling powers attempt to stir up the passions of their fighters by talk of economic motives and causes? They did not! They twanged the old G-string and told the heroes that the men they were fighting were bad men, cruel, uncivilized, members of deprayed races and citizens of wicked countries.

And so, when Franz Ferdinand met his death, there was immediately hell to pay in Austria and Serbia. Economic squabbles galore had arisen between the two countries in the previous years, but not a one of them precipitated one hundredth of the feeling of bitterness and recrimination that was caused when Princep's bullet took a human life and the problem became one of personalities and nationalities. Austria and Serbia became, if I may be permitted such an old-fashioned expression, mad at each other, and with each succeeding day became madder. The newspapers of the two countries helped this along splendidly. The Austrian press, suspecting Serbian complicity in the assassination, lost no time in high, wide and handsome castigation of her neighbor country, and the Serbian

sheets plunged into a counter-diatribe with alacrity and glee. This persiflage made—so I am told—some of the juiciest reading in the long history of international press polemics. Russian, German, French and English papers weren't long in getting into the game.

We have here in the press-and of course in radio nowadays-another one of the causes of war, not, let me add, however, the only one. And we have, in addition, a mighty knotty problem. A government can suppress nasty talk in its papers when feelings between itself and some other nation reach the boiling point, but that, of course, is dictatorship and censorship. On the other hand it can adhere to the noblest traditions of democracy, and let the Fourth Estate go the limit. And in so adhering it can find itself in a nice flourishing war with the party of the second part.

The system of alliances in effect in 1914, it need hardly be said, was another contributing cause to the War's outbreak. Originally intended —in theory at least—to prevent a conflict, the system piled up on itself until the opposing alliances were dedicated, within their own framework, not to the purpose of preventing war but to the purpose of carrying on that war with maximum efficiency when war broke out.

Underlying this was a philosophy that gripped and continues to grip all the great nations of the world the philosophy of "inevitability." War, ran its dictum, was bound to come in

spite of all efforts to stop it; therefore devote the majority of your energy to preparing for it, and the minority, or none at all, to preventing the causes. The logic of this has always escaped me, because I do not believe that any war, or any other event that ever occurred, was inevitable. The word, paradoxically, destroys its validity, by its own definition. Inevitable means: bound to occur, no matter what happens. Both logically and in fact, nothing is, or ever was, bound to occur-no matter what happens. It is not inevitable that the sun will rise tomorrow; it is merely extremely probable.

And now, of course, I shall be accused of spinning metaphysical theories and splitting hairs. My retort is that the doctrine of inevitability as applied to war is a hair that needs to be split-and stay split. Again I am thinking of 1914. The countries which eventually fought were not as anxious for war and made more efforts to prevent it in July and August, 1914 than is popularly assumed. In almost all of these countries sincere if belated efforts were made to come to an understanding. And one of the reasons—one of the important ones why these efforts failed was the obsession shared by the general staffs, the military mind, that war was inevitable. On that assumption each staff wanted to place itself in position to get in the first lick when war was declared. By refusing to make concessions the army leaders made the

task of the civilian officials of their countries just so much the harder, and thereby contributed to the outbreak.

"Inevitability" is merely an abstract idea, while an economic cause like a dispute over an oil concession is something you can put your finger on. But people throughout all history have lived by abstractions as well as material things-have loved abstractions, hated them, fought for them and against them, and died on account of them. In the future, as in the proven past, the doctrine of inevitability—so long as it persists—will be a major cause of wars. It is such an easy belief to entertain, demanding so little cerebration and action. "There'll always be wars, so let's prepare to fight them efficiently rather than preparing to stop them efficiently." So very simple—and so very false.

And so what? These other causes besides economic ones, the causes labeled nationalism, the press, alliances, armaments, the doctrine of inevitability have all been heard of before. Why all the fuss? So what? Just this: They have been heard of before but today we are repeatedly being told that there aren't genuine causes at all, but merely different branches of the economic problem—in disguise. Root out economic differences, and you root out all the causes of war. So runs the slogan.

Yes, patch up economic difficulties, and you'll eliminate a lot of important causes of wars. With this I heartily agree. But the folk who

maintain that that is all there is to be done are in, along with the people who listen to them, for bitter disillusion. People and countries have fought and may fight in the future for other reasons than those that concern their pocketbooks. Eliminate cylinder trouble in our automobile, and does it go? Not unless you also eliminate tire trouble, and stripped gears and countless other possible sources of trouble. Would anyone in his right mind entrust his car to a mechanic who was dedicated to the theory that cylinder trouble was the only possible cause of an automobile's failure to function -in short to a mechanic with onecause mind?

The world may-if it is luckysave itself many a headache, if it turns a deaf ear to these one-cause minds, and devotes more effort to discovering, studying and eliminating as many of the causes of war as it can, and considerably less to condensing all human social contacts into mere appendages of the science of economics. The task, even so, will be difficult enough, and even when it is approached with this attitude, Utopia will be a long way around the corner. In fact Utopia will always be around the corner, but even a state of reasonable peacefulness will continue to be beyond our reach as long as we entrust the car to the mechanics who preach "eliminate one trouble, and you eliminate all." The way to make all the parts work is to work on all the parts. -PARKE CUMMINGS

CARICATURES

by Daniel Safier

Reformer

Of good and bad and up and down Too sure to feel misled, He scolds the topsy-turvy town While standing on his head.





Editor

To his news he adds spices appealing, Having watered the truth it contained, From the taste of the public concealing That its alphabet soup has been strained.

Philosopher

He goes rolling his hoop of *How?* Round and around its hub of *I*, Up the topless hill of *What?* And down the bottomless slope of *Why?*



Reactionary

Turn, he warns, from Present strife To the Past for Future charms; Backward runs his clock of life, Ringing solemn false alarms.



Employee

While the acrobat in the white collar frills On a tight-rope job through the middle air passes With his budget balancing top-heavy bills, He looks down with a pitying smile on the masses.

and Cynic

The finest wine, he swears, Tastes vinegar to the fine, While vinegar he declares The finest of all wine.



HELLO SCHIZOPHRENIA!

ALL THE BEST LUNATICS HAVE IT, AND ALL THE SMARTEST PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IT



No FASHIONABLE vocabulary today can afford to be without schizophrenia. Guaranteed to restore the luster to last year's repartee and make it sound like new, it gives promise of putting its predecessors to shame. On the basis of sheer euphony schizophrenia and its partner and opposite, manic-depressive, outrank Dr. Adler's protégés of a decade and a half ago. Yet cumbersome though they were, the two complexes, inferiority and superiority, did very well for themselves.

But for more than three years a profound silence, incompletely filled by political science and surrealism, has surrounded the exquisite detonations of the ego. Long historical novels, scavenger hunts and the rhumba became popular. Now at last schizophrenia has stepped forward to fill the conversational gap and make us selfconscious once more.

The word itself is a product of a small and progressive republic noted heretofore for superior milk chocolate and admirable scenery. Less than four decades ago, Dr. Bleuter, a native of Switzerland, consummated this marriage of Greek and Latin roots which

purports to describe what's wrong with the present day psyche. Though still in its philologic infancy, schizophrenia has accumulated a host of connotations and implications. The simple ménage à deux (schiz, a splitting or cleavage, and phrenia, concerned with the mind) has emerged as the family name of a group of symptoms, causes and effects which constitute a complex mental illness.

Modern as Picasso, contemporary as cellophane, this pleasantly scientific combination of sounds is destined to sweep the country like a presidential candidate's favorite dream. It has already made its début into the columns of popular print. Last spring the Sunday movie page of the New York Times referred to the Fifth Avenue Playhouse as leading a schizophrenic existence because it was dividing its allegiance between French and Swedish films. Carole Lombard in one of her recent scampers across the screen, confessed audibly and with gestures, though not yet in Technicolor, to being "schizofrantic." Whether this was an intentional pun or a Hollywood solecism can never be definitely known,

but correction and reproof must here be administered to Columbia Pictures who stubbed their psychiatry badly in Mr. Deeds Goes To Town.

It will be recalled that the hero. Gary Cooper, was accused of being "pixilated." In a courtroom scene bulging with suspense, a Viennese psychiatrist testified that Mr. Cooper was suffering from a manic-depressive psychosis. Let us hasten to reassure Mr. Cooper of the engagingly wry mouth. The symptoms ascribed to him by his neighbors-the solitary rambles, the communions with nature and his tuba, the heart to heart and audible conversations with himself-all point to a more intellectual species of insanity. Not only his profession of poet (commercial), but his very physique make schizophrenia the only suitable diagnosis. Of course, if, for reasons of their own, the producers held out for the manic-depressive verdict, they should at least have employed Mr. Edward G. Robinson or Mr. Charles Laughton in place of Mr. Cooper, as the stocky build and egotistical drive of the first two gentlemen make them more convincing manics.

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It should not surprise us that the popular conception of schizophrenia is about as nebulous as a thistle in the breeze. Even the psychiatrists are having trouble with it. For some time the Psychiatric Division at Bellevue had been without a head. Last year, shortly before the arrival of the new director was anticipated, a group of some twenty psychiatrists were holding their

usual weekly meeting to discuss incoming cases of interest. For two hours they had been wrangling over the diagnosis of a single patient whose symptoms could be interpreted variously as schizophrenic or manic. The conference disintegrated into two embattled camps each stanchly upholding its own theory. Finally, unable to come to any decision, they were about to adjourn when their departure was arrested by a mild voice from the second row. "Gentlemen," came the suggestion in dulcet tones, "don't you think it would be advisable for us to get together sometime before the new director comes and decide just what schizophrenia is?"

Roughly speaking schizophrenia is a somewhat complicated version of our old friend introversion with a few extras thrown in to make it more macabre. Neither the species of psychic Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, nor the Pied Piper of the subconscious that it has generally been mistaken for, schizophrenia is a progressive disease in which emotion and thought are in a constant state of war, in which the life of fantasy gradually supersedes and demolishes reality.

But on all fronts, mental, emotional, physical and sexual, the schizophrenic encounters conflict. His is a personality of strife; divided within himself he is a stranger to peace. He ends by abdicating from reality and withdrawing into a protective shell of illusion. And as the malaise of the spirit, taking root more profoundly, assumes the be-

wildering and complex form of schizophrenia, he escapes from the confines of sanity into another dimension of unknown terrors and delights.

A distinction should be drawn between the schizophrenic psychopath and the schizoid personality. The simple neurotic, i.e., the schizoid personality, recognizes his fantasies as products of a hyperkinetic imagination, whereas to the advanced schizophrenic they are indistinguishable from truth. The latter has seceded entirely from reality; the former, while possessing the same tendencies to a greater or lesser extent, continues in communication with his environment and retains the ability to adjust himself to it.

In either category the individual intelligence is above average. Not without reason has schizophrenia been dubbed the intellectual's disease: it is the penalty of percipience, the debit of illusion. Only the name is new. Contemporary with civilization, the disorder is indigenous to all periods of change and unrest. It is no accidental aberration but the by-product of an age, the symbol of an era. With its fatal gift for mass production the twentieth century seems to have made schizophrenia peculiarly its own. Certainly no other age has proven so prolific a spawning ground for this germ, perhaps because few ages have been so deeply impregnated with the seeds of disaster. Like a blotter the psyche has absorbed the imprint of its times. The hundred opposing crosspurposes and currents of "modern"

life, its inconsistencies and incoherences, are reflected in the individual and community mind.

It is not difficult to trace the signature of schizophrenia across the culture of our day. In the visual arts the escape from reality is evidenced in a ceaseless experimentation with the components of design. The juggling with form for its own sake, the transposition of parts, the turning upside down or inside out as an exercise of ingenuity or anodyne for ennui, is peculiarly a schizophrenic impulse.

By the flagellation of his mind the artist succeeds in wresting a new answer from a familiar hypothesis. With a fresh perception of reality, the Impressionists, Pissarro, Monet and Van Gogh, conquered sensation, using paint as the pin pricks of consciousness. The Cubist deserted the world of nature for the angular vistas of geometry. The famous Nude Descending the Stairs by Duchamp is an example of this substitution of the geometric form for the organic. In reconciling the two, the Abstractionists, Picasso, Leger and Braque, dissolved an essential contradiction in terms of concrete symbolic pattern.

But as the increasing pressure of economic conditions gave schizophrenia a fresh impetus, the schizoid artist's flight from reality took still another direction. In pursuit of new forms to encompass the vast frontiers of his imagination, he rejected the conscious to woo the unconscious. Finally he formed a cult dedicated to

his intuitive mission and called it surrealism—beyond reality. Members in good standing of this exotic society are the Messrs. Chirico, Dali and Ernst. It is interesting to observe how closely the course of modern art has followed, stage by stage, the progress of the schizophrenic malady, the widening rift between real and unreal being resolved at last by a complete surrender to fantasy.

On the literary front the schizophrenic invasion has been no less active. The trend toward experimentation has produced a more flexible medium of expression both in poetry and prose. But even more in content than in manner has the schizoid influence made itself felt. The narration of surface events has been abandoned by the novelist for the more fertile valleys of the mind; patiently patrolling the crepuscular shore of consciousness, he has concerned himself more and more with the hidden motives and conflicts of his characters, the interplay of impulse and will, the counterpoint of the emotions. The stream of consciousness to which the modern novel in large part owes its vitality is the result of the schizoid's urge for exploration, his impatience with the superficial and the necessity inherent in him for the subtle calisthenics of the mind.

Proust, Gide and Lawrence, by their personalities as well as their work, fit into the schizoid pattern. An exquisite legacy of introversion, *Remembrance of Things Past*, reflects on every page the

author's sensitive and vulnerable imagination. The characters in *The Counterfeiters*, adroitly revealed from their scattered perspectives, and dovetailing with exquisite precision into the plot, show the schizoid's pleasure in the construction of intricate designs and his power to project himself into an infinite variety of personalities.

In Huxley's Point Counter Point the same mosaic quality of plot manifests itself. But while it is true that his protagonists, maladjusted neurotics embattled within themselves, fall into the schizoid category, we cannot be certain that Huxley himself does, Besides being a sensitive intellectual with a pleasant talent for introversion, Huxley also possesses a mental coördination and drive not usually associated with the schizoid temper. No such doubts exist concerning the Oracle of Taos. Lawrence's preoccupation with sex, his eternal experimentation, improvisation and elaboration around the same theme arose in answer to some deep psychic need within himself. The major part of his emotional probing he devoted to his women characters, and such is the delicacy and perception of his delineations that a diagnosis of schizophrenia, with its implication of homosexuality, becomes mandatory.

Surrealism's twin sister in literature, Gertrude Stein, echoes the schizophrenic concern with form and symbols. Her emphasis on sound and rhythm in preference to sense is characteristic of the schizophrenic psyco-

path's speech pattern. In the writing of the latter too there is a perseveration or slaughter of sense compared to which Miss Stein commits only the mildest mayhem. And although it may come as a shock to devotees of swing music ("alligators" to the cognoscenti) it must be noted that in the extemporaneous idiomatic invention typical of hot or "whacky" swing, the schizoid seed has reached the height of its musical flowering. From Debussy on, the dissonance of modern music palpitant with shadowy conflict, has expressed the schizophrenic refrain. And both jazz and swing music, by releasing the musician from the constriction of the notes and the tyranny of the clef, permit the same free union with fantasy that the painter sought and found in surrealism.

But by far the most significant symptom of the emotional rapport between schizophrenia and the contemporary psyche is the growing interest in the pathological which looms like a foreboding cloud on the cultural horizon. In this respect America has lagged behind Europe. The unconscious received a tardy recognition among us: had it not been for Freud we might still be ignoring the fruity layers lurking beneath the icing of custom and habit.

But now the novelty has worn off, the simple subconscious has begun to pall. An alien territory beckons, dangerous and exciting. As the familiar themes and milieus begin to seem worn and faded, the pathological invites with the promise of fresh sensation.

Already it is being exploited in the popular mediums. Sated with the known we are turning to the unknown. The last two years have seen the publication of William Seabrook's Asylum, a record of the author's stay at a mental sanitarium; of Nijinsky's Diary, in which we follow the pitiful story of a psychic mechanism too frail to withstand for long the harsh onslaughts of realty.

Recently a pathological novel, The Outward Room, has entered the ranks of best sellers. Nor has the screen been remiss in recognizing a trend. More than a decade after The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari met with an indifferent reception on these shores, Hollywood produced Private Worlds with an insane asylum for its background; The Eternal Mask, imported from Switzerland and dealing with the hallucinations of a temporarily deranged mind, played to capacity houses for over two months. But these apparently are mere hors d'oeuvres on the pathological banquet Hollywood has in store. Now that Night Must Fall, the stage excursion into abnormal psychology, has been successfully translated to the screen with Robert Montgomery as a "psychopathic kiss and kill lover," (quotation from half-page ads of the Capitol Theatre), nothing should surprise us. Any day now we may expect Ginger Rogers or Myrna Loy as Robert Taylor's "schizophrenic squeeze and strangle sweetie."

-GLADYS SHULTZ

THE TELEGRAM

JUST IMAGINE-FIFTY FRANCS FOR A WREATH, AND ALL GONE TO WASTE



T WAS two years since the son of Rose Bonnage had left Flanders to take up a farm in the region of the Somme. The old woman had not wanted to leave her native village, and had found lodging in a little room above the kitchen, in the house of her neighbor, Père Ganiaud. Scarcely rich, she managed to live, gnawing away at the little savings which she had slowly scraped together through a long and frugal life. She lived on next to nothing: an egg, a carrot taken from the garden, curds, and occasionally, a bit of meat. Père Ganiaud, gallant soul, made her the gift of a candle now and then, salt, and let her use his cooking-fire.

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As winter began, that year, Rose Bonnage fell ill. She was eighty-two years old. Père Ganiaud took her down to the kitchen, and fixed her bed there, close by the window. There she remained, always in bed, watching the farmyard life through a corner of the window where the curtain had been raised, watching the chickens on the manure heap, watching the coming and going of field-hands and loafers, watching the slow gyration of

the shadows from east to west as the pale sun made its daily arc over the farm, until the coming of evening, when a single magic ray of gold glided onto the cot where old mother Rose was finishing her terrestrial life.

Anyone coming into the yard would see her so, behind the narrow little kitchen window; her aged, coppery face, her white, scattered hair, her gray, slightly haggard eyes, watching, on the look-out, endlessly, anxiously waiting.

Rose was waiting for only one thing. She hoped her son would come. Wanting to see him for the last time, she had had him summoned. But he was slow in coming. And the days dragged by, interminable days of hope endlessly deceived.

"He'll come. A little patience," Père Ganiaud repeated, tirelessly.

And, to reassure her, he thought of a hundred excuses: her son was a farmer, and Rose knew well enough what it was to be a farmer, one could not simply leave a farm, especially in the midst of the beet harvest. Or, a cow might be sick. Or, they might be threshing wheat. Nevertheless, upon Rose's request, Ganiaud wrote a second time, and a third. Disturbed at the sight of the old mother weakening from day to day, he took it upon himself, without telling her, to send a fourth and pressing letter, telling the son that his mother was in the last extremities. Two days, three, four more days passed. Nothing. Rose was at the end of her courage, and of her life. And Ganiaud wracked his brains for some way to bring her son to her bedside.

Then, one morning, he got up smiling. "Your son will be here to-morrow," he told Rose.

"No, no!"

"You'll see. I have an idea."

"What idea?"

"You'll see, all right."

After breakfast, he made a mysterious voyage to the postoffice. And all day long he rubbed his hands, but he would tell the old woman nothing of his marvelous idea.

Louis Bonnage, son of Rose—a large, solid peasant, with a habitual, contrary scowl, was coming in from the beet-field, at midday, when he saw his wife waiting on the doorstep of their house. She was holding a blue paper in her hand, and waving to him: "Hurry! Hurry!"

He reached her. "Well?"

"A telegram from Ganiaud. Your mother—she's dead."

In the kitchen, they re-read Père Ganiaud's telegram, and took counsel.

"What about the beets?"

"Have to get them in before the

new moon. I'm afraid of frost."

"She died this morning. They won't bury her before three days." "No."

"This is Tuesday. Thursday would still be time."

"And I'd have finished with the beets."

"Besides, there aren't any mourning clothes. I'll have to go to the village right away, with the boy. They won't be ready before Thursday morning."

"We'll leave Thursday morning. Yes. Buy a wreath of blue beads, and arrange about the mourning clothes. All this is going to cost plenty, my God!"

The following Thursday, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Bonnages, husband, wife, and son, solemnly entered the Ganiaud farmyard. The woman wore long, weepy veils, the husband wore a plug hat, his feet were compressed into new, martyrizing shoes, his arms were stiffly spread, while his enormous chest filled to bursting a new, and obviously overtight suit. The child was bare-headed, shorn, ruddy, drowned in a suit which, by motherly foresight, was vast enough to fit him even unto manhood. At arm's length, as though in a procession, he carried an immense, blue-beaded wreath, inscribed, "Eternal sorrow."

Solemnly, carefully cherishing the manners of the occasion, stepping around the mud-puddles and detouring the manure-pile, they came toward the kitchen door. There, suddenly, they halted, petrified. The door was opened. Ganiaud appeared on the threshold, hilarious, radiant with the success of his stratagem. And behind him, Rose, her ancient, coppery visage transfigured with joy, watched them arrive, doubled over, propped with her two hands on the windowsill, like one resurrected from the dead.

There was a silence.

"She isn't dead!" the daughter-inlaw at last managed to gasp. "She's not dead . . . !"

"Hah! No!" Ganiaud attempted to explain. "It was a little trick—"

"A trick!"

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"You didn't come. So, well, it was my idea that a telegram—"

"Ah! It was your idea—! Buggery jackass!"

"Made us come here for nothing!"

"Spend money for mourning!"

"And my beets! Left on the field!"

"And this wreath? What'll we do
with it now!"

"Yes! What'll we do with it! By—!" He approached Ganiaud, sticking his fist under his nose. "You'll pay for this! I'll file a complaint! I'll drag you to court! A fifty franc wreath!"

He had seized the wreath. It seemed as though he would throw it into poor Ganiaud's face, in his fury. But he controlled himself, doubtless reflecting that it still might prove useful; sticking it under his arm, he pushed his wife and son before him, impatiently.

"Come on! Move! We're starting! We're going home! Ah, the swine! He'll pay me for this!"

Before the aged Rose could say a single word, they had left. But at the farm-gate, Louis Bonnage turned for the last time, shaking his fist, and crying at Ganiaud—

"Just write again that she's dead! If you dare! You scum! Just write it again!"

"Well, you understand," Père Ganiaud said to me, having told me the little story, "when old mother Rose really died, the following week, I didn't dare let them know . . . "

-MAXENCE VAN DER MEERSCH

DEAD END

"There's a good man outside," reported Peter to God. "He was born in poverty and filth. In childhood he was put to backbreaking, heartbreaking labor at a merciless machine. He rebelled, calling upon all those oppressed to join him and upon You to witness that he battled in Your cause.

"Failing, he tried again and failed

again. He was beaten by those he fought and betrayed by those he fought for. The woman he loved died with his child unborn. Wrongly sentenced to rot in jail, he hung himself.

"He died hating You. Shall he enter Heaven?"

"No!" cried God. "I do not think I could face him." —HOWARD BLAKE

CONCERNING IVORY

THE TUSK OF THE ELEPHANT PROVIDES SCULPTURE'S MOST ENDURING MEDIUM



N ALL counts, save one, ivory comes closest to being the perfect medium for sculpture. It has undeniable intrinsic beauty. It is amenable to the tool of the worker, being less refractory than marble or stone. It endures for thousands of years, as attested by the fact that the remains of prehistoric animals in Siberia are drawn upon regularly to furnish part of the supply of ivory used today. Furthermore, since its surface does not crumble or corrode like stone or bronze, a work is preserved in ivory more nearly as it leaves the hands of the artist than is the case with almost any other type of material.

But ivory is the tusk of the elephant, and the biggest tusks, allowing for the hollow end, are not more than a few feet long. So however ideal it may be in other respects, ivory has always necessarily been confined to sculpture in reduced form. It was precisely in this form that the art survived during the long historical interval, between ancient times and the 12th century A.D., when the making of large statues ceased entirely. But ivory carving is more significant, and

more interesting, as a separate artform in itself than as monumental sculpture's little brother.

During the 13th and 14th centuries in Europe, the period to which all but one of the pieces reproduced on the following pages belong, there were books and there were pictures. Both were rigidly confined to the upper classes. The chief literature of the people, the illustrated catechism from which they must learn, if by some remote chance they were to acquire any knowledge at all, consisted of portable shrines in the form of ivory diptychs (an arrangement of two tablets hinged together), triptychs (three tablets) and polyptychs (more than three tablets). Several of the most famous examples of these are included in the group shown here.

The ivory carvers of the past worked in the most imperishable of mediums, but for some strange reason their names were written in water. Despite the many beautiful carvings that have come down to us, along with a host of minor pieces that are little better than tradework, the identity of not a single artist is known to us today.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

14TH CENTURY STATUETTE

This figure slopes to the left because that is the natural curve of the tusk. Carvings like this started a fad and, for a while, all representations of the Virgin, in stone or wood and even in painting, were made to follow the peculiar slope forced upon the ivory carver.



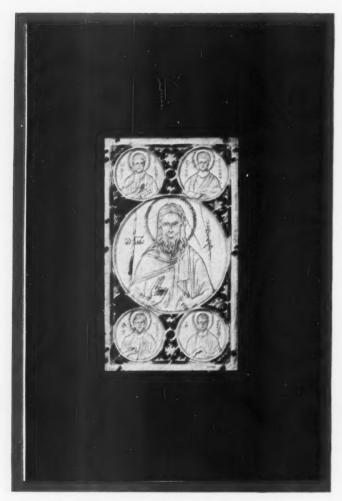
GOTHIC DIPTYCH (CIRCA 1300)

Portrayed with remarkable minuteness are such scenes from the Passion of Christ as the Ascension, with two apostles looking up in awe at the ascending Christ; the descent from the cross, with one figure extracting the nails with pincers; and the betrayal by Judas Iscariot.



14TH CENTURY POLYPTYCH

The central figure of the Virgin and Child, and the scenes from the Nativity on the wings, are unusual for their fineness of relief and the natural treatment of the drapery. Preserved in the compartment at the bottom of this Gothic polyptych is a relic of St. Chrysogonus.



BYZANTINE RELIEF, 11TH CENTURY

The Byzantine school was, in large degree, a sort of clearing house through which medieval countries borrowed their art from one another. Through ivory carvings, such as this pierced relief of John the Baptist, Byzantine influence was most strongly exerted in sculpture.



WRITING TABLETS, 14TH CENTURY

Writing tablets, with the message inscribed on wax, were an everyday convenience of the times. But they became a mark of distinction when the covers were of ivory, Chaucer characterizing a pilgrim by his "pair of tables all of ivory, and a pointel ypolished fetishly."



MIRROR CASE, 14TH CENTURY

Mirror cases were made in two parts to shut like a modern pocket mirror. Chess players were a common decoration, but somewhat less intriguing than another favorite subject—that of Huon de Bordeaux and a lady playing backgammon with his life and her virtue as stakes.



GOTHIC RELIEF CARVING

With art a virtual monopoly of the Church, the most costly materials, ivory among them, were utilized for the enrichment of sacred edifices. This fine relief of the two Maries at the sepulcher, executed in truly devotional spirit, is from a 14th century altarpiece.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

14TH CENTURY FRENCH GROUP .

Evident here is a relaxation of devotional intensity rare for the period; the figure of the Virgin has more the air of a fine lady. The painting and gilding of ivory often added an effective touch, but above the embellishment entirely supplants the original medium.

UNEMPHATIC CÉZANNE

WITHOUT HYPERBOLE, CÉZANNE EXPRESSED THE UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF NATURE



PAUL CÉZANNE was born in Aix in 1839, a year before his townsman and classmate Emile Zola, who preceded him to Paris to seek a literary career. Cézanne, an enthusiastic student of the classics, began to paint while he was in school; but his father, a merchant and banker, vigorously opposed his career for several years, insisting upon his taking up the study of law.

In 1861, he was finally allowed to go to Paris to study painting where he eventually met Renoir, Monet and other Impressionists. Too powerful an aesthetic influence to be ignored, he became the center of violent derision in the Impressionist Exhibition of 1877 where his work had been given the place of honor by his fellow painters. He lacked the militant qualities of Monet and Zola, refused to exhibit with the Impressionists again, and was deeply dejected because the official Salon rejected his paintings year after year.

A modest allowance from his father freed him from material want, and enabled him to work without deviation at recording his original vision of objects, people, and the native countryside. He worked slowly, rarely satisfied with his pictures, trying the patience of his sitters who included his wife and friends. Shy, and sensitive to the point of paranoia, he led an increasingly secluded life, dividing his time between Aix, L'Estaque, and Paris.

Vollard gave him his first one-man exhibition in 1895 which drew wide ridicule, but before he died in 1906 the younger insurgents had begun to recognize his originality and importance.

C ÉZANNE is a supreme example of the influence of the accident of personality upon the direction of art. He was essentially a "shut in" type akin to a self-controlled engine producing its own power. I am not suggesting that he did not draw from outside material. Scholar and intellectual that he was, he had access to many sources. The "times" had their influence. He was influenced by the work of his confrères, the Impressionists Monet and Pissarro. Also he drew inspiration from the great masters of all times whose works are hoarded in the Louvre. For he was a catalyzer of influences occurring from the beginning of European art, and only incidentally of the influences of the moment. His aloof personality excellently equipped him to resist too close an identification with the transient aesthetic forms of his time. It left him free to select from the past and the present what was useful to the aesthetic pattern appropriate to his outlook. He made use of the color purity of the Impressionists to make more supple the three-dimensional solidity of the old masters. In doing so, he emphasized principles which were largely seized upon to provide a platform for the Post-Impressionist reaction.

Perhaps this Impressionist vogue was ripe for a reaction in any event; but, had Cézanne not lived, the reaction would without doubt have taken different forms. If we can imagine Cézanne as having been non-existent and another man of his stature taking his place at that particular moment, quite dissimilar ideas would have been suggested and taken up by the next generation.

Curiously enough, the type of work that Cézanne's creations inspired would probably have proved unblessed by its putative father. For I have no doubt that the so-called "Cubism" and non-representative art would have been unattractive if not repellent to Cézanne. As is often the case, the followers of the great man were inspired by superficial aspects of his work-by mere technical mannerisms which may have been useful in making his intentions possible, but were merely incidental to his main purpose. This purpose was to utilize the Impressionist invention of pure color tones in making lively the main preoccupations of the great masters of previous generations—the building up of a third-dimensional art of solid character.

Cézanne has been hailed as the father of abstract art. But there was nothing in what Cézanne wrote, said or painted to suggest that he would have encouraged the stripping of

formal architectural design from living reality-nothing to suggest the building up of an aesthetic metaphysics in paint divorced from life. It is true, he wrote of the need of recognizing cylinders, spheres, and cones in interpreting Nature in terms of paint. But, as he himself said, his whole intent was to infuse with Nature the formal structures of such purists as Poussin, not to build up a formal structure outside of Nature. His statement to Bernard was: "You must see in Nature the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone." But he did not say, "You must strip from Nature or build up outside of Nature, the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone."

The hard mechanical pedantry of much of our modern painting would no doubt have been abhorrent to Cézanne's poetic point of view. It is interesting to contrast the green shadow in the folds of the table-cloth in the Cézanne still-life called Apples and Primroses with its definite function in making the still-life animate in giving it a crisp super-reality that is almost more powerful than the pull of gravity or other natural forces-and compare it with the treatment of draperies by some of his followers where the similar shadows become mere empty and meaningless tour de forces, hard and mechanical, purely superficial and would-be decorative.

More nonsense has been written about Cézanne than anyone else. He has been held responsible for the modern school of abstract painting,

which may be to some extent true; but the implication is that he is himself an abstract painter. The fact is that Cézanne's mission was to do al-. most the exact opposite. He was painfully trying to connect his abstract individuality with objective Nature to interpret Nature and his sitters in terms of formal structure. To confine himself to aesthetic pyrotechnics would have been abhorrent to his whole nature. To illustrate: Cézanne was frantically endeavoring to express the weight of objects. How can you express the weight of an abstract entity divorced from reality?

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His entire life, as recorded so excellently by Mr. Gerstle Mack, demonstrates that an important factor in making his landscapes so convincing was his sensuous love of the out-of-doors and particularly of the country-side of Provence. He had the profundity of a philosopher, but it was essentially that of a poet rather than of an abstract student. Like the great landscape painters of China, he suggests the underlying principles behind Nature rather than any trivial ripple or stirring of the moment.

The little L'Estaque in the Lewisohn Collection is an excellent illustration of his fascinating mixture of rhythm and analysis. We are made aware of the possibility of using biological forces as an aesthetic pattern. The recording of the naturalistic charm of the landscape is enhanced by the

play of contrasting greens. Here is no grave balance as in Poussin, but an exciting dance. There is both surface rhythm and the rhythm of planes in depth, and we have the illusion of objects in deep space. The feathery trees would run the risk of being banal in other hands, but Cézanne with his perfect balance of mind and emotion makes a profound sonnet out of popular material.

Cézanne had the advantage of living in the country, and so the material upon which his art was based had a peasant universality excellently adapted to his ascetic art of understatement. There was no clash such as Seurat had to bridge between the flippancy of city life and the severe solemnity of design culled from formal schools, no such conflict as Manet and Degas had to face in the incongruity between the triviality of the subject matter of their daily life and the cosmic aesthetic vision. Cézanne escaped all this in the provincial bucolic atmosphere of his birthplace where the rhythm of tired workmen sitting around a card-table and of the impressive scenery of Provence kept his art free from any taint of affectation. In his paintings there was a blunt reality that contrasted with the boulevardier quality of Manet. Cézanne's work has the quality of the best French art. It is both intimate and cosmic.

- SAMUEL A. LEWISOHN

Editor's Note: Mr. Lewisohn is a noted financier and art collector. The foregoing is a chapter from his new book "Painters and Personality," to be published early in October by Harper Brothers.

CITY OF THE GAS BUGGY

FORTUNATELY FOR TRANSPORTATION, THE INDIANS NEVER QUITE SUCCEEDED IN WIPING OUT DETROIT



Because of a hat a city was founded. The development of the fur trade in the New World introduced new fashions into the Old World. In particular did the fur of the beaver become popular among the gentlefolk of Europe for fine fur caps. The region about Lakes Erie and Huron and the present site of the city of Detroit was the best beaver country in North America. It was inevitable, then, that in this region a trading post should sooner or later be established.

The center of the French trade with the Indians was Mackinac, at the tip of the southern peninsula of Michigan. Here the French traded brandy and trinkets for furs. The center of the British trade was Fort Orange on the site of which Albany stands today. But British traders went after the furs as far as the Detroit River and gave the Indians rum and trinkets in return for their valuable pelts. Now the Indian loved his firewater and rum was cheaper and he could get more of it for a winter's furs than he could get brandy. As a result the fur trade of the French soon began to slip into the hands of the British.

To keep their rivals out the French determined to establish a strong military post at a site on the Detroit River. Frontenac, the able administrator of New France, gave the order and Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac, commandant of the French post at Mackinac, was ordered to found a settlement, build a fort and hold it. On July 23, 1701, Cadillac arrived on the Detroit River with a flotilla of canoes and built a fort which he named Pontchartrain in honor of Louis the Fourteenth's minister of marine. In time this fort grew to be the "City of the Strait," or as the French called it, "Detroit."

Cadillac was a strong administrator but he differed with the Jesuits and before long he was shifted to Louisiana. But apparently Cadillac had laid a firm foundation, for in the midst of a hostile Indian country, populated by Miamis, Pottawatamies, Ottawas, Hurons, Chippewas and Sacs and Foxes, the settlement survived. In 1712 a powerful attack by the Indians was beaten off and the strength of the savages was for the time broken. Thereafter the whites could concen-

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trate their energies on the fur trade. Two decades later 178,000 pounds of beaver fur were being shipped annually out of Quebec.

When the English took possession of Detroit in 1760, after the French and Indian War, the fortified town contained three hundred dwellings and two thousand inhabitants. If the new masters hoped for peace it was not to be granted them, for a great leader had arisen among the Indians. His aim was to form a compact federation of the tribes of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Western Pennsylvania and New York, and to win back from the whites the lands that had belonged to his people. The area over which he operated comprised nearly two hundred thousand square miles.

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Historians have either romanticized or belittled the leadership of Chief Pontiac. The most cursory examination of the facts reveals that here was an unusual personality with all the qualities that are acclaimed in the leaders of whatever race. Once his federation was formed he planned a simultaneous attack on each of the forts in the huge territory. That was the plan his grand council decided upon in April, 1763. The spearhead of the attack was to be the capture of Detroit.

Pontiac's conspiracy failed early because of a circumstantial occurrence: in a village not far from the fort a woman saw Indians filing gunbarrels in half and became suspicious of the proceedings. Her story was communicated to Major Henry Gladwin, then commander of Fort Detroit.

Realizing that only a coup d'état could save the town Gladwin boldly permitted Pontiac to proceed with his plans. The great chief entered the fort to present him with a belt of wampum. About him stood selected braves, each with a short, sawed-off rifle hidden under his blanket. Then Gladwin showed his hand. Bluntly the major called Pontiac's attention to his own preparations: he had learned of the conspiracy and he was prepared to fight. His soldiers were posted strategically, each man fully armed. And Pontiac, his cunning thwarted, refrained from giving the signal for the treacherous slaughter he had planned.

* * *

During the Revolutionary War Detroit played an unsavory role and its name became detested and hated. Captain Henry Hamilton was the commander then. In order to help the mother country against the Colonists he initiated a policy of sapping the strength of the rebels west of the Alleghenies. He offered a five-dollar bounty for every American scalp, regardless of age or sex, that was brought to him at Detroit, and as a result scalping parties roved through the countryside and not a man, woman or child was safe as long as the bounties were paid. Hamilton achieved the dubious title of "The Great Hair-Buyer of Detroit."

To help defend the territory and the town, Fort Lernoult, renamed Fort Shelby by the Americans, was erected in 1777. But the Indians were not subdued until General Wayne finally came to punish them. A grateful people remembered "Mad" Anthony by naming their county in his honor.

Although the Ordinance of 1787 provided for American rule of the Northwest Territory, Detroit was for the next ten years under the new United States only technically. Actually Canada ruled it until 1796 until under the Jay treaty the Americans came in and took possession.

Six years later the town of Detroit was incorporated. When Michigan Territory was created Detroit became its capital, which position it held until 1837, when it became capital of the State of Michigan. In 1847, however, the capital was moved to Lansing. On June 11, 1805, 104 years after Cadillac founded Detroit, the town was completely destroyed by fire. The story is that the village baker dropped a glowing coal out of his pipe and the hay in his barn burst into flame. When the conflagration was over only one warehouse was left standing together with a few chimneys.

But soon a new city arose. To some extent it was rebuilt after the plans that the engineer L'Enfant laid out for the city of Washington. And on its seal the city placed this motto, "Speramus meloria; resurgit cineribus: We hope for better days; it shall rise

from its ashes." In time this oldest city of any size west of the Atlantic seaboard was to become the fifth largest metropolis in the United States.

Until 1815 Detroit was officially a town. Then for twenty-two years it was the "City of Detroit." For the next twenty years its corporate title was: "The Mayor, Recorder and Alderman of Detroit." Not until 1857 did it again become the "City of Detroit."

* * *

When the War of 1812 broke out the city, sitting on the Detroit River which was part of the dividing line between Canada and the United States, was again in the center of Indian troubles. Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees, another redman convinced the whites would ultimately be driven out of the land, had effected a new federation. The Americans were the immediate foe so Tecumseh united with the British to crush them first.

Pressed by a combination of white and red foes General Hull surrendered Detroit on the threat of a general massacre by Indians. For this act the general was twice court-martialed and finally vindicated. But with Commodore Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie the British evacuated.

With peace restored the town grew slowly. The population in 1820 was only 1,422, less than it had been sixty years before. But the city was strategically located. Its harbor was then, as it is today, one of the best in the

Great Lakes. The Detroit River, twenty-five miles long, connecting Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, became flanked with wharves. Ships carrying grain, lumber and ore began to traverse it.

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The Indians were worried out of their lands. The Treaty of Saginaw in 1818, later treaties in 1821 and 1836 wrested valuable acreages from the redman. Out of the shameful way in which the Indians were treated came the difficulties with Blackhawk, dignified by historians as a "War."

But the city grew and the territory developed. In 1823 Gabriel Richard, a Roman Catholic priest of fine character and intelligence, was sent to Congress as territorial delegate. Fr. Richard was an able man and worked zealously for the public weal. He brought the first printing press into Michigan, and imprinted the first books and newspaper in Detroit.

* * *

On the northwest bank of the river the city began to expand. It was ideally located for shipyards and shipbuilding. The construction of large vessels for lake traffic began in 1852. Iron ore was discovered in Michigan by accident when William A. Burt, inventor of the solar compass, noticed a peculiar variation in the behavior of the needle of his magnetic compass. Burt suspected the presence of iron. Investigation disclosed large deposits of the valuable iron ores. Soon the first iron furnaces west of Pittsburgh were built in Detroit. Railroads be-

gan to spin a web of steel about the city. In 1853 freight car works were established here. Ten years later machine-shops began to build marine engines. Pullman car works opened. This experience in building Pullman cars, carriages, ship-hulls, wagon-bodies and engines would prove more valuable than anyone could then have dreamed. By the turn of the century the population had grown to 285,704, and the city had also become a great center of tobacco manufacturing and stove building.

In 1889, one of those mutations in politics, an intelligent officeholder came to the mayoralty. This was Hazen S. Pingree, a shoe manufacturer who had been drafted to run. He practically reshaped Detroit during his six years in office. He battled for cheap gas, refusing a "bonus" of \$50,000 for the signing of a certain gas ordinance. He started the public lighting plant from which streets and public buildings get their electricity today. He reformed the city's taxing policies. In 1894 to help the unemployed during a panic he appealed to private landowners to allow the poor to use the lands lying idle for the raising of potatoes. When money for seeds was not forthcoming he sold his private saddlehorse to help out. He advocated municipal ownership and operation of the street railways.

But that battle was to be brought to victory in 1922 under another fighting mayor, James Couzens, once a partner of Henry Ford, then a millionaire, but all the time a progressive liberal. It was Couzens who went to the United States Senate and jousted with Andrew Mellon on Treasury policies.

In 1918 Detroit adopted a new charter with radical changes in its municipal government. Instead of a board of aldermen, two from each ward, it called for a common council of nine members, elected at large for two years. The professional office-holders did not approve of the change but the electorate did.

In 1893 the building of Pullman cars was discontinued, the building of freight cars declined, but a new industry was born. In 1894 Charles B. King's horseless carriage appeared on the streets of Detroit and was greeted hilariously. In 1899 Robert F. Olds began to manufacture his "Oldsmobile."

Two years later the Cadillac Motor Car Company, named after the Gascon explorer and founder, was incorporated. Another two years and the Ford and Packard companies were incorporated. Now all the craft that had gone into wagon- and carriage-making, into shipbuilding, into the construction of marine engines was called into play for the building of automobile bodies, chassis, and motors.

In 1904, the first census in which the automobile figured, a total of 2,034 persons, a number equal to Detroit's population in 1760, were found to be employed in this industry.

Their total annual output had a value of over \$6,000,000. One year after the World War 136,000 persons, nearly half of the number given as the total population for 1900, were employed in automobile-making. The output was over a million cars a year at a value of \$880,000,000. In 1925 when the population had incredibly become 1,242,044, one out of every six persons worked in the automobile industry. The first allmetal airplanes came out of Detroit factories and it was among the first communities to establish regularly scheduled passenger and freight lines of planes.

It is true that Detroit is the city of the horseless carriage and over all is the shadow of Ford and his tremendous plants at Highland Park and River Rouge and the even bulkier shadow of the General Motors enterprises, but in this year of grace a new leavening has appeared in the spirit of Detroit.

Once the strongest open shop city in the country it shocked the world by becoming in 1937 a convert to industrial unionism. Having elected Frank Murphy, a former mayor of Detroit, governor of the state, Michigan had a man at the capitol who was familiar with the economic problems of the populace. That much bloodshed was avoided in the Detroit automobile strike of '37 was due to his courageous work. The Pearl of the Northwest has attained a new luster.

-Louis Zara

DOCTOR, HEAL THYSELF!

A CHRONIC PATIENT PRESCRIBES SELF-DIAGNOSIS FOR MANY MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY



T is terrible to watch an intern I make a mistake which may cripple you for life. It was after a big exploratory operation on my hip in the spring of 1928. During this job the chief orthopedic surgeon had whacked off a small nubbin of bone (anterior superior spine) to get a cross section for microscopic examination. When this proved to be normal he fixed the nubbin back in place with a beefbone peg. In a triumph of operative technique, the Chief had kept this part of the wound sterile, while the lower end which led to the draining sinus was, of course, contaminated.

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A few days later I lay propped up in bed watching an intern irrigate the sinus tract. Then, before I realized what he was doing, he took the same long snouted syringe which he had just contaminated and thrust it into the sterile wound by the bone operation. I lay stunned, paralyzed for a long second, for I could scarcely believe what I had seen. Then I said, "Why you nitwit, you've infected it."

The intern blustered and tried to make me think the wound had been infected before. I called the Chief who

happened to be on the floor. It must have been hard for him too. All his careful technique of the operation gone for nothing. A stern look replaced his usual smile as he said, "Well, doctor, what are you standing there for. Take a sterile syringe and wash out the bugs before they get a foothold." Then he turned to me. "Don't worry, Don," he said, "the Dakin's will probably take care of it." Which, of course, was nonsense. My bugs (staphylococci) throve on Dakin's. They loved it. I used to picture mamma staph saying to papa staph, "Hot dog! here comes some more Dakin's. Now we kin have a bath."

As the end of my second year of sickness approached, I felt that I was, as discouraged chronics often say, "getting no better fast." My first two groups of doctors had done me more harm than good. Then when I was nearly dead, the chief orthopedic surgeon of a great state hospital had saved me by draining a huge (iliopsoas) abscess deep in my groin. Naturally when my hip abscessed again in the summer of 1927 I re-

turned to him for treatment. And twice that fall he operated on my left knee which had also abscessed. Then came the exploratory operation and the intern's mistake.

During this series of operations I learned a few things and made some adjustments. Gradually, as my defenses tightened, I found I could hide my pain and despair until I could laugh and wise-crack at things which were inwardly revolting. Also I grew used to the pain and could stand more and more of it and still appear pleasant.

Soon people began coming to my room until it became almost a hangout. Interns and doctors stopped to talk when their rounds brought them near; nurses dodged in to sneak a few puffs from a cigarette; orderlies hung around to listen to my radio. As time went on they accepted me as one of them and talked freely of all the news and gossip of the hospital. Seldom has an outsider had such an opportunity to study the medical world-from the lofty viewpoint of the doctor, to the lowly, but sometimes sage downunder standpoint of the orderly. I liked these people, but they puzzled me. And late at night, when pain made sleep impossible, I re-examined all they had said, trying to understand how they could accept so calmly the evils of the medical world which were evident all around them.

The most obvious of these evils was the doctor's callousness to suffering. I saw this as an occupational disease,

a necessary evil. For, surely, if a doctor is to be happy in his work he must develop a certain amount of protective callous to pain and sorrow. But when a doctor is too tough, he may regard patients as simply so much material to work on, and he may become fascinated by his skill with the knife until he forgets the primary object of medicine which is to save lives and lessen suffering.

Also, callousness leads to a misplaced emphasis which amounts to stunt medicine. Thus, when interns I knew began doing their first simple operations they bragged more about the number of minutes it took them to operate than about results. And they were always timing one great abdominal surgeon because he could do an appendectomy at some record smashing speed—four minutes I think it was.

Errors in sterile technique, such as the intern made on me, were not common in this large teaching hospital where the level of caution was high. But there was always some danger, due not to ignorance, but to carelessness caused by indifference or the monotonous routine. But between hospital trips, when it was necessary to have my wounds dressed, I found doctors whose mistakes were actually habitual. And in my later travels in search of a cure I often encountered doctors who did dressings with slovenly disregard of sterile technique. Anyone who doubts this scandalous condition should consult statistics on childbed fever (usually due to hemolytic streptococcus) and see how many women are needlessly killed every year by this criminal carelessness.

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The interns themselves made charges against general practitioners which allowed me to see other evils. I used to kid them about the high percentage of deaths in this great hospital. In their defense they claimed this was partly because the patients did not come under their care soon enough. They said, "By the time we get 'em they're a mess. A few weeks earlier, sometimes, and we could save 'em." They explained most of the delay in sending patients here was caused by faulty diagnosis because of ignorance or carelessness. But in rare cases it was actually due to a desire to earn the extra money by keeping the patient at home. In other instances the local doctors did not know their limitations and attempted operations beyond them, thus wrecking the patients past help. But when death approached, all these doctors were in a hurry to ship their patients to the state hospital, for it hurts a doctor's reputation to have too many patients die while under his care. If a patient dies at the state hospital he can say, "See. Even those great doctors over there couldn't help," and it takes the curse off the death as far as he is concerned.

But there is still another reason why patients were delayed too long in coming to this hospital. There is the vast army of poor people who have no money for medical care and who struggle bravely along, perhaps with an operable cancer, until at last they are driven to charity only to find the time for help is past. As long as pride is a part of human character, there will be no help for these unfortunates until changes are made which will allow them to feel they have the *right* to medical care.

Listening to the interns' stories, doing some random reading, gradually I gained a little knowledge of medicine. I learned that many people couldn't be helped even when they came to this good hospital early in their sickness because of the great mysteries of medicine. I wasn't surprised at the number of these fatal unknowns such as cancer, Hodgkin's disease, leukemia and others. But it was disquieting to find that the cause of the common cold was still unsolved, and that the doctors could not explain the immunity which allowed one person to walk around carrying germs that would be fatal to others. And there were many lesser unknowns. I heard that pressure in parts of the abdomen sometimes caused mental disturbances, that skin diseases and jaundice sometimes caused melancholy and that only males were bleeders. Yet no one could give the reasons, or tell me why some people grow brain tumors. Also medicine was sometime effective when doctors could not explain how or why it worked.

But as my faith in medicine diminished it was replaced by a greater respect for the resistance, intelligence and compensatory powers inherent in the human body. I heard stories of people living without organs which I had always considered essential to life. Surgeons could cut out one kidney, sections of the intestines, the spleen, gall bladder and other odds and ends, yet the patients did not always die. Autopsies proved that thousands had cured themselves of tuberculosis without ever knowing they were infected.

I learned of the ever-watchful intelligence of the body that sends out white cells to battle infection, that manufactures antitoxins to neutralize poisons of disease, that acts as a thermostat to keep the body's temperature from varying more than a part of a degree in all kinds of weather, that keeps the water content of the tissues in proper proportions, and the chemical balance of the system very close to neutral. There are the kidneys that function as a fine chemistry laboratory and the heart that is said to be a more efficient pump than any devised by man.

But slight as this knowledge was, it gave me a new outlook on life. Now when people were cross and ugly or weak and spiritless I wondered if they had a glandular upset or a hidden infection gnawing in some vital spot.

Also, it reallocated the doctor in my scheme of things. Now I saw that a doctor's job should properly be that of a handmaiden to nature. That he should assist, softly and reverently, the marvelous

natural resistive and curative powers of the body, but always with a consciousness of his very limited ability to help, and being careful not to do too much lest he interfere with the workings of a science much greater than his own.

I have met few doctors who had such a humble attitude. These interns who came to my room were already infected with a superiority complex and some of the older doctors were very high and mighty. I was puzzled at first. How could it be that with the shortcomings of their profession right before their eyes every day, they could still be so smug?

Bit by bit I worked out the complex answer. Part of it was the unique position the doctors occupy because of their highly specialized knowledge. No other profession enjoys such immunity from the consequence of mistakes. An ordinary man makes a slip and bang!—he suffers in one way or another. He may lose his money, his job and if his mistake is serious enough, he may even be disgraced. But who knows when a doctor makes an error? Only other doctors who are bound by their code to spring to his defense.

Then, too, a doctor is surrounded by weakness against which his own strength looms deceptively large. He works among chronics who have been broken by long continued pain, fear, frustration and humiliation until they are mere chunks of spiritless, suffering flesh. Even nurses are trained to reverence and obey the doctor. So a doctor is surrounded by helpless people all depending on his strength and special knowledge, paying him homage that sometimes amounts to worship. And in these surroundings he is surely a heroic figure. Is it any wonder that a doctor has to be unusual to keep his sense of proportion and his modesty?

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The danger of the resultant superior feeling is that it may degenerate into a complacent satisfaction with things as they are. And this in turn may lead not only to stagnancy but to pomposity and bigotry until doctors as a group tend to resist any change. This is, in fact, the traditional attitude of medical men, and explains why new discoveries are often fought by the doctors themselves.

History proves this thrust up to the hilt. There was Lister who carried sterile technique into the operating room and had to fight the prejudice of doctors whose custom it was to operate in old coats stiff with dried pus and blood. While across the channel in France, Pasteur, a chemist, an outsider, fought alone against the whole medical profession to prove his theory that germs could be used to fight themselves. Later, in England, Florence Nightingale's hospital reforms were opposed by blind, obstinate doctors who seemed to prefer their drunken nurses and filthy linen to her life-saving cleanliness. And right today doctors fail to recognize the wonderful technique originated by Rollier, when for over thirty years

his methods have been curing TB of the bone, simply and painlessly, without operations, by the use of sunlight and immobilization. How long do you think it would take American automobile manufacturers to adopt a discovery of equal importance to their business? It would be a matter of weeks, not years.

Though the interns who came to my room were not yet finished with their training they had already absorbed a dangerous amount of this apathetic, smug spirit. When they told of mistakes caused by snap judgments, disregard of symptoms and like evils, they took it all as a matter of course; those thing just happened; they were hard to avoid. Their attitude suggested that mistakes were acts of God beyond their control. Even death was often taken in the same casual fashion.

But I thought many deaths were due to deficiencies either in the medical system or in the doctors themselves. And that if this fact could be brought home to them it would jar them out of their self-satisfaction and automatically make them more careful and better doctors. So I made a list of all the different fatal mistakes a doctor could make. Like this:

Errors in Diagnosis:

- a. through carelessness
- b. lack of time
- c. insufficient gathering of facts through test, case history, and questions as to symptoms
- d. sticking to original diagnosis de-

spite later contrary symptoms

e. lack of medical knowledge or experience

Errors in Sterile Technique: (many are killed this way)

Errors in Administering Medicine: (not so common)

Failure to pass a case into more competent hands soon enough:

a. through greed

 b. through stupidity (a common fault. The emetin doc did this to me)

Failure to pass a case into the *right* hands because of the evils of feesplitting: (fee-splitting is widespread and takes its toll of lives yearly)

Abandonment or neglect of a case because the patient cannot pay: (better to abandon than neglect, because an abandoned patient is free to seek aid elsewhere)

It was a careless list, for I had missed evils that were a part of my own experience. For instance, I should have listed under Errors in Diagnosis, doctors who ride a hobby until they think all patients have their pet disease. Or surgeons who are too quick to do their favorite operation. But it was my idea that if doctors would check their treatment against this list they might be surprised at the number of deaths due to mistakes they might have avoided. This, I hoped, might keep them from the dangers of their superior attitude and make them more careful.

But soon I lost all faith in this scheme. Good doctors had little need

of such a list and the bad ones could look at it and say, "So what?"

In those days I had many ideas equally futile. The most plausible was to have each diagnosis registered with government pathologists who would do an autopsy to check the causes of death against the treatment if the sickness proved fatal. I thought this would show up the incompetent doctors in a hurry. But I saw it would be a long time before people could be educated to the point of passing legislation necessary to put this scheme into operation.

But there in the early years of my sickness, I saw some things which gave me hope. Talking to the interns, liking them, arguing, laughing, listening to their stories, I came to know what motivated their lives. In time, I realized that three of my friends had such a tremendous, vital urge to save lives that they were going to avoid all the pitfalls of their profession to come through and make fine doctors. There was Si whose father before him was a great surgeon; Wells who also planned to follow in his father's path by renouncing greed to become a medical missionary; and Phil whose extreme sensitiveness to suffering made his hands almost as gentle as those of the blind physiotherapist who had restored my hip joint. Also my doctor, a great brain surgeon, and some others I heard about through the interns were the highest type of medical men. They were doing all that was possible for any doctor to do, handicapped as they were by having to treat far too many patients.

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As for the rest of my friends among the interns, they were fine companions and good fellows, but they seemed to me to lack the basic will to save lives. They would have made good stock salesmen, real estate brokers or bankers. But they talked too much about the prestige, social position and money they hoped a medical career would bring. To them medicine was too much of a business and too little of a life-saving crusade.

Often, in many walks of life, I had come across men who wanted to be doctors and who really had the right spirit. I remember one printer who said wistfully, "It must give you a fine feeling to save a life." But these fellows had been too poor to pay for their education and so were lost to medicine. Today the state, aided by endowments, pays the greater share of the cost of any medical student's

education. His tuition fee doesn't go very far toward the upkeep of the great laboratories, hospitals and teaching staff he uses. And when a doctor is motivated by selfishness, this money is wasted. How much better it would be to pay all the costs if by so doing American doctors could be changed into a band of real humane deathfighters. In the end such added expense would prove its economy in lives saved, suffering lessened, and even in cold hard money.

If such a thing were possible, if throughout the medical profession greed could be subordinated to service to humanity, then many of the evils of medicine would disappear like magic. More rapid progress would be made, preventive medicine would gradually play a larger part, and we would be on the road to driving disease from the land. But considering our way of life, is it possible? Could it happen here? —Don Daugherty

It has been conjectured and even stated by many people that Don Daugherty is a fictitious person, and that de Kruif is using this name as a nom de plume, behind which to hide to take pot shots at the doctors. Nothing could be further from the truth. Don Daugherty exists. He is known by science as an incurable invalid. He has been operated upon more than a score of times in vain. He has recently been refused operation at two great midwest medical centers because he is now so far gone that the surgeons at these places consider him too bad an operative risk. Only some scientific miracle could now save him. He lives in Holland, Michigan—if any who still doubt will take the trouble to investigate. The undersigned has in no way collaborated with Daugherty excepting to tell him that in his opinion his story was worth the telling. He has read Daugherty's manuscript but has not cut or changed it. Excepting in one detail - not important - he has confidence in the integrity of Daugherty's biography of his own suffering and pain. This present story seems to the undersigned to be the most important of any Daugherty has so far told. For, in this one, our veteran sufferer puts his finger on the medical profession's greatest weakness: the ease with which doctors can pass the buck for their mistakes, to other doctors or to God. Engineers are ruined when their mistakes result in the collapse of bridges they design, with loss of life. Doctors (under our present economic and social system) can always say: the patient died in spite of my art and science. And, on the contrary, when a patient survives in spite of the doctor's bungling or useless treatment, the physician can and does too often take the credit for the cure. Daugherty out of his experience tells this vividly. -PAUL DE KRUIF

ELIZABETHAN DICKENS

A NOTE ON DELONEY, QUOTING ONE PASSAGE THAT MAY HAVE GIVEN SHAKESPEARE AN IDEA



HISTORIANS who trace the beginnings of the English novel in Queen Elizabeth's time are generally so much concerned with John Lyly, Sir Philip Sidney, and other courtly writers that they have neither time nor strength left to devote to an author who is not only more interesting in himself but whose output was much closer in form and spirit to what we today think of as prose fiction. This is Thomas Deloney.

Deloney probably had no definite ideas as to how novels should be written. He puts the action of his story back in the past whenever he likes, and he uses literary, and especially traditional, materials freely when they happen to suit his purpose. But when he is at his best he draws directly upon his own first-hand knowledge of the craftsmen and tradesmen who were all about him in Elizabethan England.

His own attitude toward his art is much more like that of Dickens. An idealized, romanticized conception of common life—this, essentially, is what he offers. He knew, as the popular movie scenarist knows today, that what the common people emphatically do

not want in art is an accurate reflection of their own life. They live it—why in the world should they want to read it besides? Deloney gave them something much better, a series of enchanting stories about people like themselves who did all the things they had never been able to do.

Deloney wrote three novels: 7ack of Newberry, 1597, and Thomas of Reading, 1600, both devoted to the clothiers, and The Gentle Craft, which is in two parts, 1597 and 1598, and which glorifies the shoemakers. Today we should call them propaganda novels. Today, indeed, Deloney would probably be retained by the Republican Party, for in all these books he is trying to impress the government with the importance for the nation of basic industries, which, he feels, can function efficiently only if they are allowed to develop without governmental interference.

Jack of Newberry is developed biographically in the first half; the rest is a series of episodes. Jack lays the foundation of his fortunes by marrying (at her request) a wealthy widow; he gains the good will of King Henry VIII

by furnishing 250 men at his own expense to fight at Flodden Field; he successfully obtains a reversal of Cardinal Wolsey's economic policy; he lives on in benevolent affluence. It is the male Cinderella theme, which remains a favorite theme in fiction today. In the last half of the book, Jack's household is still the center of operations but he himself is no longer the leading figure. An Italian is punished for trying to seduce an Englishwoman by being put to bed in the dark with a sow. Mistress Frank the gossip, who had persuaded Jack's wife to stint her servants' rations, is first made drunken, then carried through the town in a basket, while a clown cries, "Who knows this woman, who?" Sir George Rigley, having seduced a maid in Jack's household, is tricked into marrying her in the guise of a rich widow.

The Gentle Craft has even less unity. In Part I, the first nine chapters are devoted to legends of the shoemaker's craft. Deloney makes it delightful enough, but it is not his own material. In one scene, where the prince Crispin, who has disguised himself as an apprentice, and who is secretly married to the king's daughter, Ursula, comes to tell his mistress he has gotten a maid with child, the narrative suddenly comes alive: in the woman's excitement we hear the authentic accent of common speech.

The third novel, Thomas of Reading (the history of "the six worthy yeomen of the west"), is set clear back in Henry I's reign, probably to avoid censorship difficulties. This book contains an even wider variety of material than its predecessors, though the structure is perhaps a bit tighter. There are sidelights on English customs, as in the picture of the fair and the account of the establishment of the standard vard measure, and there may be a touch of social criticism in the incident of the rogue condemned to death who escapes his just punishment because nobody can be found who is willing to serve as hangman. Delonev's usual line of domestic high jinks appears, most notably in the Boccaccian varn of the fool who is made to believe that his nose has become enlarged, and who cannot be persuaded otherwise save through a make-believe operation and finally, there is a powerful piece of bourgeois tragedy.

And here, at the murder of old Cole by the wicked innkeeper and his wife, we must pause, for this is not only the finest thing in Deloney, it is the finest thing in Elizabethan fiction. Here and here alone, an Elizabethan novelist stands for a moment beside the masters of Elizabethan drama:

The musicians being gone, his host asked if it would please him to go to bed; "for," quoth he, "it is well near eleven of the clock."

With that Cole, beholding his host and hostess earnestly, began to start back, saying, "What ails you to look so like pale death? Good Lord, what have you done, that your hands are thus bloody?" "What, my hands?" said his host. "Why, you may see they are neither bloody nor foul. Either your eyes do greatly dazzle, or else fancies of a troubled mind do delude you."

"Alas, my host, you may see," said he, "how weak my wits are. I never had my head so idle before. Come, let me drink once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer."

With that he made himself unready, and his hostess was very diligent to warm a kerchief and put it about his head.

"Good Lord," said he, "I am not sick, I praise God, but such an alteration I find in myself as I never did before."

With that the screech owl cried piteously, and anon after the night raven sat croaking hard by his window.

"Jesus have mercy upon me," quoth he, "what an ill-favored cry do yonder carrion birds make." And therewithal he laid him down in his bed, from whence he never rose again.

His host and hostess, that all this while noted his troubled mind, began to commune betwixt themselves thereof. And the man said he knew not what were best to be done. "By my consent," quoth he, "the matter should pass, for I think it is not best to meddle on him."

"What, man," quoth she, "faint you now? Have you done so many, and do you shrink at this?" Then, showing him a great deal of gold which Cole had left with her, she said, "Would it not grieve a body's heart to lose this? Hang the old churle!

What should he do living any longer? He hath too much and we have too little. Tut, husband, let the thing be done, and then this is our own."

The more often that passage is read, the more clearly will its concentrated power appear. The resemblance between it and Shakespeare's account of how Macbeth murdered King Duncan is very striking; the thought is by no means unreasonable that the dramatist may have found his suggestion here.

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In general, Deloney's style is simple, inelegant, and unpretentious, but except when, in conventional romantic passages, he imitates Lyly and others, it is generally pleasing. He uses dialect, not too convincingly, and his characterization is, for prose fiction, far and away the best of its time. His characterization, lacking psychological subtleties, is apt and vivid, mostly along the good old English line of external idiosyncracy, as we know it in Goldsmith, Dickens, and Smollett. His humor is broad, earthy, his speech frank, honest, and inoffensive. As a chronicler of pranks and practical jokes, he stands midway between the crudities of the jestbooks and the consummate art of Chaucer. He is worth reading-and of how many of the minor writers of the past can this be said?-not because of what he illustrates concerning the temper of the age, and not because he presages coming developments, but because he is in himself a writer of color and charm.

-EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

NO GUESSES BARRED

TEST YOUR SKILL, AND LUCK, BUT REMEMBER-CLOSE DOESN'T COUNT



Here are fifty questions referring to well-known persons, places and things frequently mentioned in conversation and reading. Count 2% for each correct answer. A score of 70% is good; 80% is very good; and 90% is excellent. Answers will be found on page 182.

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- Give the poetic name for Nova Scotia.
- 2. Who, in fairy tales, was known as a tyrannical wife-killer?
- 3. Whom did Cicero excoriate in his famous orations?
- 4. The *Iliad* is Homer's story of a Greek siege of a city. Name the city.
- 5. Upon what food did the ancient gods subsist?
- 6. What state is known as the "Mother of Presidents"?
- 7. Who is the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"?
- 8. In which hall in Philadelphia did the Continental Congress meet?
- 9. Who was the Quaker Poet?
- 10. Give the name of Virgil's epic poem.
- 11. What is the name of the imaginary island Sir Thomas More pictured

as an ideal commonwealth?

- 12. Who was the "Iron Duke"?
- Give the popular name for the Parisian Stock Exchange.
- 14. Who was the Scandinavian god of war?
- 15. What nickname is given to England because of her cliffs of chalk?
- 16. Which legendary monarch "loved his pipe and bowl"?
- 17. Locate the Spanish Main.
- 18. By what name is a person "born within sound of Bow Bells" known?
- 19. For what exploit is Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry most famous?
- 20. For what exploit is Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry most famous?
- 21. Who was known as the father of medicine?
- 22. Honi soit qui mal y pense (Shame to him who evil thinks) is the motto of an order instituted by Edward III of England. Name the order.
- 23. Which Italian city is called "The Bride of the Sea"?
- 24. Give the name of London's Wall Street.

- 25. Name the ancient Roman road joining Rome with Capua.
- 26. Who founded the French Academy?
- 27. The Fabian Policy is one of delay. Who was known as the American Fabian?
- 28. Which American river is called "Father of Waters"?
- 29. Name the two pillars of Hercutes.
- 30. Where and what is the Sorbonne?
- 31. What was Archimedes reputed to have exclaimed upon discovering a way to test Hieron's crown?
- 32. What was "Stonewall" Jackson's real name?
- 33. Give the poetic name for Scotland.
- 34. Who was the "Iron Chancellor"?
- 35. What library, founded by Ptolemy, was burned in 47 B.C.?
- 36. Which is the Eternal City?
- 37. Who was the "Scourge of God"?
- 38. What is Chauvinism?
- 39. Which two British houses opposed

- each other in the War of the Roses?
- 40. Who were the Academics?
- 41. What American city is called the "Queen City"?
- 42. What is a Round Robin?
- 43. Give the name of the brass statue at Rhodes.
- 44. Which island is Queen of the Antilles?
- Give the meaning of the word "Allah," the Mohammedan name for God.
- 46. Which diamond in the British crown is called the "Mountain of Light"?
- 47. What were the Philippics?
- 48. What and where is the largest American library?
- Name the quarter in Moscow which consists of palaces, cathedrals and towers.
- 50. Who were the household gods of the Romans?

-A. I. GREEN

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REVOLT OF THE HITCH-HIKER

"AFTER the Revolution," I said, "I'll be driving a swell car like this and you'll be thumbing rides along the highway."

My benefactor said, "Huh?"

"You heard me," I replied. "Things won't always be like this. We hitchhikers will rise one of these days, and take what's coming to us."

After thinking it over, he said to me: "You're liable to get what's coming to you before one of these days."

This remark sounded unpleasant, so I ignored it.

"In the meantime," I continued, "we are organizing to demand justice and enforce our rights. We want fewer dull stories from the driver, a hot dog at every stop for gas, the right to demand more speed when late for appointments, the privilege of . . . don't you know it's extremely rude to turn on the radio when someone is talking?"

—RICHARD ADAMSON

THE WELSH TRADITION

ADVANCING THE THEORY THAT COLUMBUS CAME IN A POOR SECOND TO PRINCE MADOC OF WALES



PRESENT day opinion would have us believe that Christopher Columbus, in addition to being the inspiration of a jazz opus, was the first European to discover America. These opinions completely disregard evidences showing that the Phoenicians, Egyptians, Mongolians, Hebrews, Norse, Irish, and Welsh may have ridden the bronco waves successfully and staked claims in North America long before Christopher began forecasting that the world is, and goes, 'round and 'round.

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Because no explorer, except Isabella's envoy to spice and India, returned excitedly to Europe with discovery news and redskins, pro-Columbians feel that this automatically gives Columbus invulnerable right to the title "Discoverer of America." But anti-Columbians howl that Columbus was not the Atlantic's first rewarded tourist but merely America's first publicity agent.

If Columbus is immortalized as the first name in the American bluebook, why does anyone dare cavil at his laurels?

Reasons for justifiable doubt may

be found in the book, Ancient Life in Kentucky, written by two University of Kentucky faculty stars, Professors W. S. Webb and W. D. Funkhouser, who, when summer comes, alternately set out on expeditions which search for and scrutinize archaeological, anthropological and ethnological traces left by prehistoric Amerinds. In the course of their summer "vacations" they have recorded some startling information which gives logic to the "Welsh Tradition" of the discovery of America.

Historically speaking, near the close of the 12th century, Prince Madoc of Wales, commanding a fleet of ten vessels, cruised into the unknown waters of the west and was never heard of again. Conjecturally speaking, the Madocmen sailed into the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi to a point somewhere near the Missouri river. This part of the voyage is theoretical, but its actual occurrence would explain the unusual influences found in some of America's early Indians.

Like the rest of the world, let's forget about Madoc and turn our justice to a report published May 15, 1819 in *The Public Advertiser*, a Louisville newspaper, by Lieutenant Joseph Roberts who wrote:

"In the year 1801, being at the City of Washington in America, I happened to be at a hotel, smoking a cigar according to the custom of the country, and there was a young lad, a native of Wales, a waiter in the house, and because he had displeased me by bringing me a glass of brandy and water, warm instead of cold, I said to him jocosely in Welsh, 'I'll give thee a good beating.'

"There happened to be at that time in the room one of the secondary Indian Chiefs who upon my pronouncing these words, rose in a great hurry stretching forth his hand, at the same time asking me in the ancient British tongue—'Is that thy language?' I answered him in the affirmative, and the chief said that was likewise his language and the language of his father and mother and of his nation. I said to him, 'so is it the language of my father and mother and also my country.'

"Upon this the Indian began to inquire whence I came and I replied from Wales, but he had never heard of the place. I asked him if there were any traditions amongst them whence their ancestors had come. He said there were and that they came from a far distant country, very far in the cast and from over the great water. I conversed with him in Welsh and English; he knew better Welsh than

I did and I asked him how they had come to retain their language so well from mixing with other Indians. He answered that they had a law or an established custom in their nation forbidding any to teach their children another language until they had attained the age of 12 years and after that they were at liberty to learn any language they pleased.

"I was astonished and greatly amazed when I heard such a man who had painted his face of yellowish red and of such appearance speaking the ancient British language as fluently as if he had been born and brought up in the vicinity of Snowden.

"The situation of those Indians is about 800 miles southwest of Philadelphia, according to his statement, and they are called Asguaw Nation."

Another press account appeared in the *Palladium*, a weekly paper printed in Frankfort, Kentucky, and was written by Harry Toulmin, Secretary of State under Governor Gerrard. The story relates the experiences of Maurice Griffiths who was taken prisoner by the Shawnees in 1764 and carried along on a hunting trip to the Missouri River where they met a tribe of Indians "of very light complexion and spoke the Welsh language."

Still another account was published in *The American Pioneer* in 1842 by Thomas S. Hinde, an expert antiquarian, who described six skeletons found in 1799 near Jeffersonville,

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Indiana, each of which had a breast plate of brass on which was inscribed the Welsh coat-of-arms (Mermaid, Harp and a Latin motto).

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What would unaquatic, unmusical, and uneducated Indians know of mermaids, harps, and Latin?

In a sworn statement before a Fayette county, Kentucky, notary public, February 18, 1926, Mrs. W. T. Lafferty, Chairman of History, Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs, wrote:

"My father, A. H. Ward, was born in Harrison county in 1815 and died in 1904. His father, Andrew Ward, was of Welsh descent. He was an Indian fighter serving under various enlistments. He told my father that he had met and talked with Welsh Indians, that they understood him and he understood them."

The next point in behalf of Welsh priority tells of the "White Indians," who lived in Central America and who, like Midwesterners today, had trouble with the "Reds." There was great animosity between the Red Indians and the White Indians. The color hatred culminated in a tomahawk party fought on Sand Island near the falls of the Ohio. Chief Tobacco of the Piankashaws "insisted that an entire white race had been driven to the island and slaughtered." Aside from legend, clues that a battle had been fought at that spot are substantiated by carloads of human bones and primitive weapons carried from the scene by archaeologists.

If you regard the White Indian slant with suspicion, there have been found individuals among historical Indians who were characterized by light hair and blue eyes.

From the final pro-Welsh argument comes the story of the "Stone Grave People." It is because of such work as opening prehistoric graves that the public has labeled the Webb-Funkhouser surveys as simply, "diggin' Indians." But in the course of "diggin' Indians" the professors have uncovered a distinct burial style—The Stone Grave.

The most prolific stone grave area was discovered on the farm of Mrs. R. D. Glover in Kentucky. Fourteen tombs were opened, many of them containing skeletons of "a rather modern type." A stone grave is a shallow rectangle usually built to conform with the size of the body. The sides and ends of the grave are lined with flat rocks. Placed on the interred are other stone slabs which probably were intended to keep the ventral side dirt-free. Paradoxically, these stone graves are devoid of artifacts and weapons, whereas the average savage was buried with all his ornaments and accessories. On the whole, these stone graves indicate a characteristic of a peculiar cult of people.

The only other place on earth where stone graves are found is in Wales.

"Ouch!" shouts Columbus.

-George H. Kerler

BIRMINGHAM BOTTICELLI

A NOTE ON THE CAREER OF A BOY WHO DREW A PICTURE INSTEAD OF WRITING A LETTER



GERALD LESLIE BROCKHURST began his life in art as the Botticelli of Birmingham. It was an excited teacher who put upon the shoulders of a mere boy the burden of this comparison. Today, more than 30 years later, Brockhurst produces etchings that look like the work of an Old Master who had survived into the present. The painters of the Renaissance would find qualities hauntingly familiar in Brockhurst's women, who are both woman and women.

At school he was rated a dull boy because he couldn't get on with his three R's. But he was a particularly fortunate boy in having a teacher who, noting a letter composed almost entirely of sketches the young man was sending off to his aunt, told Gerald to drop his writing and get on with his drawing. Shortly afterwards, at the age of 12, the young man became a student of the Birmingham School of Art. In the five years of his stay he was acclaimed the young Botticelli and awarded every prize in sight. At the age of 17 he went to London, entering the schools of the Royal Academy. There also he won

every mention, medal and scholarship within reach.

In 1915 he gave his first London exhibition of paintings and drawings. It was as a painter that he was elected to the Royal Academy. In 1914, he began etching. He made two plates, put them aside and waited until 1920 before resuming. So far as Americans are concerned the painter Brockhurst hardly exists; it is only through his etched work that he has won trans-Atlantic identity.

His series of portrait plates of women has been celebrated as a Dream of Fair Women, but the women are fair in a classic sense and composed in a double sense. They are detached, cold, serene. Were Brockhurst less skillful in suggesting volume, mass, texture and movement, we might have cause to doubt that blood runs in their veins. Brockhurst is the draftsman in the craftsman. His development as an etcher has been along the lines of finish, of completeness. His is an art of statement, not of implication; there is neither suggestion nor fine frenzy in his work.

-HARRY SALPETER



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THE DANCER

OCTOBER, 1937



HENRY RUSHBERRY

CORONET



DORETTE

OCTOBER, 1937



AMBERLEY BOY

CORONET



LA TRESSE

OCTOBER, 1937



ALMINA

CORONET



YOUNG WOMANHOOD

OCTOBER, 1937



ADOLESCENCE

(PAGES 51-58 COURTESY GUY MAYER GALLERY, N. Y.)

CORONET

TALKING PICTURES

TOWARDS A STANDARD BY WHICH TO APPRAISE CORONET'S PHOTOGRAPHS



Following the argument over the nude studies, we feel inclined to define precisely what differentiates the photographs in Coroner from ordinary photographs in commerce.

Perhaps the essential distinguishing difference is that the how of the picture is what makes it important in CORONET, whereas in news, in advertising, in catalogues and in text books, it is the what of the picture that determines its possession or lack of merit.

Looking through the photographs in this issue, you will yourself see the aptness of this distinction. Brassai's composition entitled A Chair in the Bois is not important to us simply because it happens to be a picture of a chair.

It would be nearer the point to say that it is important in spite of being a picture of a chair. For it is as a composition, pleasurable to the eye because of the organized beauty of its elements, its lines and its lights, that this photograph rises above the mere specific, i.e., a mere identification of an object, as in this instance a chair, and achieves the universal attribute

of art, that is, a pleasurable contemplation of its pattern, apart from any desire for either possession of, or information about, the objects which make up that pattern.

If it is a news picture, you ask "Whose chair is that?" and it is not a good news picture if the answer is not interesting. If it is a commercial picture, as in a catalogue or advertisement, your reaction is "I do (or I don't) want a chair like that," and its success as a picture depends upon its giving you the fullest possible basis for arriving at that conclusion. But its success or failure as a picture in Coronet rests on none of these reactions, nor yet upon that of making you exclaim "What a beautiful chair!"

It is a good picture in CORONET only if it makes you react with "What a beautiful picture," before (or even without) realizing that it is a chair at all!

The same applies to the picture of a pig on page 73.

And it applies, too, if you will permit us to pursue the point to its logical conclusion, to the nudes.—A. G.



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

PORTRAIT BEFORE NOTRE DAME

CORONET



BRASSAÏ

PARIS

A CHAIR IN THE BOIS

OCTOBER, 1937

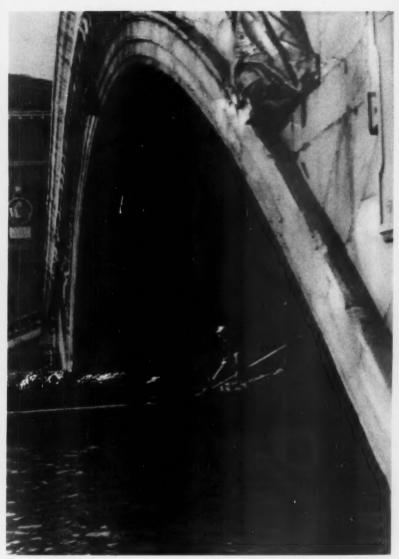


JENÖ DENKSTEIN

BUDAPEST

THE ELIZABETH BRIDGE

CORONET



ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

DANUBE BOATMAN

OCTOBER, 1937









TANNENWALD

PARIS

OVERTONE

OCTOBER, 1937

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ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

PALACE GUARDS

CORONET



SZÖLLÖSY

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EUROPEAN

AFTER SCHOOL



BRASSAÏ

PARIS

THE ARCH OF THE CARROUSEL

CORONET





BUDAPEST

SUNLIT WAKE

CORONET

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KÁROLY KLETZ

BUDAPEST

SPECTATOR

OCTOBER, 1937

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EWALD HOINKIS, BERLIN.

FROM BLACK STAR

FAMILY OF NINE

CORONET



ANTE KORNIČ

LJUBLJANA

BARNYARD PORTRAIT



SEIDENSTÜCKER, BERLIN

FROM BLACK STAR

AT THE MUNICH ZOO

CORONET



ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

COUNTRY HIGHWAY



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

AFTER OFFICE HOURS



ELI LOTAR

PARIS

BRAILLE CLASS



ELI LOTAR

PARIS

LA BONNE



H. CARTIER

PARIS

AN ACCIDENT





ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

OLD WOMEN'S HOME



MIHALY EKE

BUDAPEST

PAUPER

CORONET

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MIHALY EKE

BUDAPEST

PEASANT



ERNÖ VADAS

BUDAPEST

HUNGARIAN WHEAT I

CORONET



KÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

HUNGARIAN WHEAT II



MIHALY EKE

BUDAPEST

HARVEST FESTIVAL I



MIHALY EKE

BUDAPEST

HARVEST FESTIVAL II



LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH

BUDAPEST

GLASS BLOWER

CORONET

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KOLLAR

PARIS

ACTION STUDY

TALKING PORTRAITS

MODEST PROPOSAL FOR THOSE WHO HAVE TIME TO TAKE A SECOND LOOK



To the man who wants to get utilitarian about it and triumphantly asks, "What is the purpose of art?" there is only one sensible answer. It is another question: "What, for that matter, is the purpose of life?"

Theoretically, then, any discussion of the portraits on the following pages should be closed before it is even begun, and you might perhaps be well advised to turn forthwith to the reproductions themselves. But it will do no serious harm to consider for a moment one phase of these portraits relating not only directly to them but indirectly to all art subjects that CORONET has reproduced to date and will reproduce in the future.

By way of taking a long running start to jump to a short conclusion, consider the attitude of the people of medieval times toward scenery in general and mountain scenery in particular. That there could be anything beautiful about such a gigantic obstruction to traffic as a mountain never occurred to them. Then Giotto and his followers began painting mountains, and ever since man's eyes have been opened to the splendor of their vistas.

But nature, in its broadest sense, encompasses far more than scenery. Nature, as the Earl of Shaftesbury pointed out, not only surrounds us but is within us. The true interpretation of the outside world is valuable, yet another and higher aspect of nature exists in man himself. And it is as much within the power of the portraitist to depict the inner reality of man, and make us see it with a new perception, as it is within the scope of the landscape painter to enable us to see a mountain with fresh eyes.

The question, "What is the purpose of art?" still remains unanswered, and properly so. But for those who wish to impinge upon the question, it may be of interest to regard each of the portraits twice-once as the representation of the artist's external evesight. and once as the deeper expression of his internal vision, if indeed he possessed the gift of such vision. As for the reproductions of the 17th century Dutch genre paintings which immediately follow the portfolio of portraits, one glance will be sufficient: these painters had eyes, though remarkably acute ones, only for the external.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

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TEN 18TH CENTURY PORTRAITS

If, as has been said, every face is either a history or a prophecy, Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), whose *Portrait of an English Lady* is reproduced above, was one of the most active historians and prophets of all time. In his heyday he averaged 150 portraits a year.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MISS SINGLETON BY GAINSBOROUGH

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788) liked to represent his sitters in their most quiet, least self-conscious moments, with "the mind and music breathing from the face." He preferred landscape painting, at which he did not excel, to portraiture, of which he was a master



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PRINCESS LIEVEN BY LAWRENCE

None too strong on character insight, Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830) had a facile flair for the elegant graces of society. He veered dangerously close to theatricality, and one malicious wag said that he made coxcombs of his sitters and his sitters made a coxcomb of him.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

L'INSPIRATION BY FRAGONARD

Where the English portraitists found "the reality of human inwardness" most often in the aristocratic breeding of their subjects, the French expressed it in terms of a sensuous grace, at its best in Fragonard but present even in the work of that cold classicist, David.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

L'ETUDE BY FRAGONARD

The paintings of Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806) contain a quality that has made him a favorite of modern Impressionists. He loved to combine fancy with lively realism, and no one could possibly concentrate, in the fleeting movement of a head, more life or directness.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MME. CHALGRIN BY DAVID

There was no more ardent republican under Robespierre, no stancher imperialist under Napoleon, who was his friend and patron, than Jacques Louis David (1748-1825). But as the implacable prophet of the classic movement, his palette was more consistent than his politics.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

THE MARQUISE D'ORVILLIERS BY DAVID

Mathematically precise, David approached each subject as a geometrical problem governed by fixed rules. His influence on the French school, over which he reigned with the same inflexibility that marked his paintings, was distinctly on the side of coldness and austerity.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN BY PRUD'HON

For the most part, the indifferent features of his sitters had little in common with the poetic dreams of Prud'hon. Without stinting on talent, he did portraits only to make a living. But his heart was in such uninhibited works as the one reproduced on the facing insert.

VENUS AU BAIN

By PIERRE PAUL PRUD'HON (1758-1823)

(THE LOUVRE, PARIS)

Nine parts poet, one part realist, Prud'hon was an excellent antidote to the sober-sided intellectuality of his learned contemporaries like Jacques Louis David. He was more an ancient Greek in spirit than an 18th century academician, and without troubling too much about stereotyped formulae he delighted in painting the world of beauty which he saw in his mind's eye. But it was not all unpremeditated, for his effects are more studied than they seem. In rendering flesh tones especially, he sought for subtle styles of illumination, and found them—sometimes in a silvery flood of moonlight, and sometimes, as in the reproduction overleaf, in a dreamy effulgence that bathed the nude body in tender waves of light.





A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON PRUD'HON

If Prud'hon's painting was heaven on canvas, his existence was hell on earth. The thirteenth child of a stonemason, educated by the monks of an abbey, he grew up to see the blood and thunder of the Revolution topple his ideals and the heads of his friends alike. Then fate badgered him in earnest. The first buffet was dealt when his wife died in a lunatic asylum. Finding consolation in a sympathetic woman who was his pupil and his mistress, her tragic suicide in 1821 was an even harsher blow. His life all but ruined, Prud'hon died two years later.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO WATTEAU

Paris never had a less conspicuous addition to its population than one Jean Antoine Watteau, a fragile youth with bony hands and expressionless eyes. But before he died in 1721 his expressionless eyes saw an infinitude of beauty and his bony hands transposed it to canvas.



THE LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF M. BERTIN BY INGRES

The true character of his sitters never failed to emerge under the realistic brush of Jean Auguste Ingres. The story is that M. Bertin was obliged to listen to the pleas of an impecunious nephew while posing for this portrait. The expression on his face is the result.



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

17TH CENTURY DUTCH GENRE PAINTINGS

Johannes Tilius' Bagpipe Player above and the five following genre paintings, descriptive of everyday life, add a trenchant footnote to the history of Old Holland. Trivial in subject matter, their style unconsciously penetrates to the very core of a nation's inner spirit.



THE OFFER BY WILLEM VAN MIERIS

Holland, the refuge of freedom, was becoming a nation of shopkeepers. The rugged race of colony-founders was giving way to a generation of bankers. Art, ever a merciless mirror, became as punctilious as the lives of mynheeren, as well ordered as a spotless Dutch kitchen.



THE INVALID BY FRANZ VAN MIERIS

The aesthetics of the time were soulless, smooth. So was the painting. The third generation, ashamed of its burgher blood and playing the nobleman, was not without affectation. Neither was the painting. Note, for instance, how the physician is "registering" deep thought.



GIRL WITH A LANTERN BY GERARD DOU

The Holland that clipped the wings of Rembrandt and let Hals starve lavished praise in superabundance on Dou. One banker paid him a thousand florins a year merely for the option of purchasing his pictures. A worthy product of their times, he knew what they wanted.



WOMAN AT THE WINDOW BY GERARD DOU

The accepted painters of the period were not petty daubers. They were genuine masters, superb in draughtsmanship, marvelously precise in brushwork. But in place of a heart they had a microscope: every fold of the skin, every thread of a garment was copied in facsimile.



KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

PORTRAIT BY FRANZ VAN MIERIS

O tempora! O mores! His grandfather would have posed as he was, a resolute plebian, but this wealthy merchant is portrayed as he would like to be—in the background the symbols of culture, on the table the trappings of scholarship, over his shoulder a cavalier's cloak.



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

The Ballet Class A Series of Eight Photographs

OCTOBER, 1937



ANDRÉ ROGI

PARIS



ANDRÉ ROGI

PARIS



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

CORONET 110



WESTELIN

CHICAGO.

OCTOBER, 1937



WESTELIN

CHICAGO



BRASSAÎ

PARIS



CHICAGO

CORONET





ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

BROKEN DOLL



BRASSAÏ

PARIS

LAUGHING TORSO

OCTOBER, 1937





ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

THE TWO SISTERS

OCTOBER, 1937



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

LIKE A DOLL OF BISQUE

CORONET



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

NEW MOON



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

SLUMBER SONG

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

REVERIE

OCTOBER, 1937



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

YOUNG PARISIENNE

CORONET



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

THE SPANISH VEIL

OCTOBER, 1937



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

SEA GULLS

CORONET

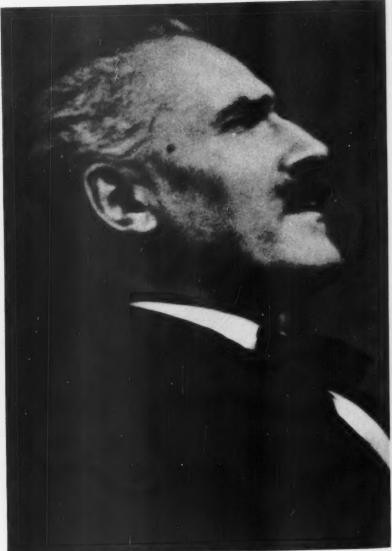


DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

AMERICAN GOTHIC

OCTOBER, 1937 127



SKALL-WITTNER

VIENNA

TOSCANINI

CORONET



BRASSAÏ

ENNA

PARIS

PICASSO

OCTOBER, 1937



HAROLD M. LAMBERT, PHILADELPHIA

SUDDEN STORM

CORONET



MIKLÓS TOLNAI

BUDAPEST

AUTUMN TRAIL

OCTOBER, 1937 131



J. FRANK MC DANIEL

CANTON, ILL.

FORM



KÁROLY KLETZ

MISKOLC, HUNGARY

BOATS TO RENT







LOJZE PENGAL

LJUBLJANA

PAUSE IN PLAY



H. RÖTZER

BUDAPEST

CONTRETEMPS

CORONET



JENÖ DULOVITS, BUDAPEST

APEST

FROM EUROPEAN

NATURE'S CUP

остовек, 1937 137



H. RÖTZER

BUDAPEST

CONTRETEMPS

CORONET

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JENÖ DULOVITS, BUDAPEST

FROM EUROPEAN

NATURE'S CUP

OCTOBER, 1937 137

ABOUT MABEL DWIGHT

WHOSE WORK IS TOO COMPASSIONATE
TO BE CLASSIFIED AS CARICATURE



MABEL DWIGHT is one of America's leading lithographers. About that there can be no dispute. Except for a sheaf of water colors of the existence of which few people are aware, she has exercised her talents exclusively on the lithographic stone. There is perhaps just enough affection, just enough warmth for the human race in her prints to justify dispute on any claim any one may put forward for her that she is a caricaturist.

Carl Zigrosser, who is most familiar with Miss Dwight's work, has stated her special quality with such clarity that I shall take the liberty of quoting him: "Her work is imbued with pity and compassion, a sense of irony. and the understanding that comes of deep experience. There is as much of the tragic as of the comic in the true comédie humaine-tragic drama, the contrast between what is and what might be. Her satire, the telling juxtaposition of humorous and incongruous elements is never bitter, always kindly and tolerant, somewhat in the spirit of 'aren't we all!""

Apart from the human element in her work, her lithographs are technically admirable and satisfying. The more frequently seen the more admired. Miss Dwight uses lithography to exploit not only the human scene but landscape and architecture. Being deaf and therefore thrown more upon her visual resources, her observation is the sharper and her reports the more trustworthy and acute. Her Life Class is almost pure caricature but then an artist always has carte blanche to jest at her own. She possesses an insatiable zest for the human scene and the mere titles of the almost one hundred lithographs she has done testify to the variety of the settings that she has frequented and the human episodes that she has come upon.

She is an American of long-established stock. Born in Cincinnati, she spent her early years in New Orleans and California, but traveled abroad in France, Italy, India and Ceylon. Strangely, although she studied art early in life she did not seriously engage in serious work until she was fifty, her life as an artist beginning when most artists can look back upon a manner and a prestige achieved.

-H. S.



BOOK AUCTION

OCTOBER, 1937

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Orleans abroad deylon. ed art sly enue was inning a upon ved. -H. S.



HAT SALE

CORONET

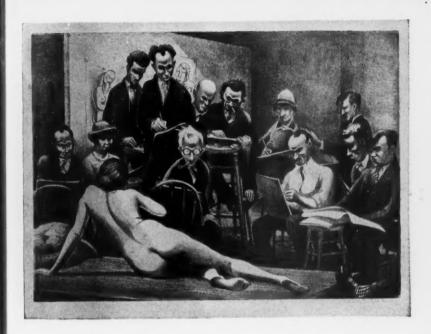


BURLESQUE

OCTOBER, 1937



THE CLINCH



LIFE CLASS



DANCE OF DEATH



DEATH'S MERCHANTS



CATHERINE DE MEDICI

(PAGES 139-146 COURTESY WEYHE GALLERY)

CORONET

LAVOISIER'S GIFT

TRIBUTE TO A FRENCH CHEMIST WHOSE LIFE WAS A COMPOUND OF GUNPOWDER, TREASON AND PLOT



When General Pershing uttered the now famed words, "La Fayette, we have come," America began the repayment of her debt to the French nation and the Quixotic young Marquis de La Fayette.

When the first American shipload of ammunition arrived in France during the World War, America might well have said, "Lavoisier, here it is," for she was returning to France the commodity which, more than all the arms and equipment, more than all the financial backing, and more than all the armies of men, brought about the winning of American independence. It was powder. And the man who made French powder the best in the world at the time was Antoine Lavoisier.

Had the American colonists decided to rebel ten years earlier, or had Antoine Lavoisier been born ten years later, the story of American independence might never have been written. "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes" was never said because American farmers were poor shots, but because American powder was sorely lacking; every shot must

find a target. The early history of the American Revolution is a pitiful story of an attempt to fight a war without powder. With her small, widely scattered communities and inadequate organization, the gathering of saltpeter so necessary for gunpowder was a hopeless task for America. Her salvation lay in French powder; and French powder, best in the world by 1778, was a commodity which even France did not possess ten years earlier.

It is no secret that France was forced to sue for peace in 1763 because she had no powder. She had, in fact, bought all that Holland had to offer at prices which rose steadily from 12 sous to 3 francs a pound. With her own arsenals empty and Holland's supply exhausted, France was at the mercy of her foes. There was nothing left but ignominious peace. Nor is it any secret that French powder before 1775 was notoriously inferior to English powder.

When Louis XVI, in one of his few wise decisions, appointed the liberal Turgot minister of finance, the way was opened for reforms in many fields. Young Lavoisier, already something of an authority in finance as well as science, and a great admirer of Turgot, seized the opportunity to propose a drastic change in the corrupt and inefficient management of powders. This industry had long been a monopoly farmed out by the king to a group of financiers in return for stipulated annual payments to the royal treasury.

Though the monopoly produced little powder and that of inferior quality, the financiers were enjoying annual incomes estimated at 30 per cent of their invested capital. Towns and villages were taxed for powder, forced to lodge and feed the obnoxious gatherers of saltpeter, to furnish wood, the ashes from which provided much of the necessary saltpeter or nitrate. The officials were permitted to search homes, barnyards and dung heaps for this ever necessary material formed by nature in the decay of organic matter. Rather than have their farms searched and their homes disturbed, many peasants bribed the agents of the powder company.

Lavoisier's proposal was a simple one. The government should take over the manufacture of gunpowder under the direction of appointed salaried commissioners who would attempt to increase the yield of powder by scientific means. Turgot was quick to see the value of the proposal and appointed his young friend one of the four new powder commissioners. Though the salary of 2,400 francs was little inducement to the prosperous

Lavoisier, he accepted the post eagerly and moved his home and personal laboratory to the arsenal of Paris where for sixteen years he directed the experimental work on powders at the same carrying on his private scientific researches which revolutionized the science of chemistry and earned for him the undisputed title of "Father of Modern Chemistry." Though his work on powders was merely incidental to his great contributions to science, it was nevertheless of major importance to both France and America.

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Soon after the new administration of powders began to function, the obnoxious powder taxes and the right of search for saltpeter were abolished. Lavoisier turned his clear, well-trained scientific mind to the problem of developing new sources of nitrates. Artificial nitrate beds were started and minerals from which nitrates could be obtained were located. In a few years the production of powder had doubled and its quality was so improved that bullets were propelled 250 yards instead of the former 140 yards. In fact the English soldiers were complaining about the superiority of French powder. By 1778 France was ready to provide powder for the American Revolution. By 1788 she had five million pounds of war powder stored in her arsenals ready for the use of her own revolutionary armies and the legions of Napoleon, soon to materialize. In addition, she had more than two million pounds of

cheaper powder, poudre de traîte, for export.

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Coming as it did in 1775, the change in powder administration arrived just in time to save the American colonists from defeat by the superior quality and quantity of English powder. Unwittingly perhaps, Lavoisier was the savior of American liberty and unwittingly too he laid the groundwork for the founding of the Napoleonic Empire. Whether Lavoisier was an ardent advocate of American liberty or not we have no way of knowing, for he leaves no written words on the subject, but his warm friendship with and great admiration for Benjamin Franklin, together with his liberal views on taxation and French monarchy, suggest a warm sympathy toward the American Revolution.

Though Lavoisier's life was pervaded by the calmness of a scientific atmosphere in his beloved laboratory, leaving him little leisure for the lighter pastimes of the Paris salons, yet there were numerous storms arising from his work which threatened his very life. There was always, for instance, the danger of explosions against which he protected his workmen with the utmost caution.

One accident which almost cost him his life and which claimed the lives of two of his good friends was the explosion in the powder factory at Essonne where experiments were being conducted on a type of gunpowder containing the newly discovered

chlorate of potash developed by the young chemist Berthollet. Together with Mme. Lavoisier, Mlle. Chevraud, M. Berthollet, M. Chevraud, and M. Le Tort, manager of the factory, he was watching the mixing of a charge of the new powder. The workmen stirring the mix were protected from the vat by a plank partition but the observers were on the unprotected side. Noting that the stirring was proceeding awkwardly with much splashing and well knowing the dangers of sudden jarring of the unstable powder mixture, he suggested a withdrawal from the exposed position. Before the company had proceeded more than a few paces however a violent explosion occurred. Thanks to their protecting wall the workmen were uninjured, but the guests were hurtled against walls and floor. Mlle. Chevraud was killed instantly and M. Le Tort died soon after. The rest, bruised and shaken, were removed from the ruined quarters with no serious injuries.

A different type of danger menaced him in the early days of the French Revolution. The Bastille had fallen July 14,1789. De Launay, governor of the Bastille, had threatened to blow the old fortress up with powder stored in the vaults before surrendering. Lavoisier, with headquarters in the arsenal a stone's throw away, was vaguely implicated in this threat, for in the natural course of duty, he had authorized the transfer of powder to the Bastille. The shipment of powder

from Metz to the port of Nantes gave rise to the wild rumor that powder was being sent to enemies. Other shipments from various arsenals were stopped and turned back or usurped by self-appointed vigilantes. Lavoisier appealed to his friend and fellow member of the Academy of Science, Bailly, the newly elected mayor of Paris, to assure the people that no war powder was leaving France, but ugly rumors were not easily silenced.

When the commissioners of powder decided to send 10,000 kegs of poudre de traîte to Essonne in exchange for 10,000 kegs of war powder for the Paris arsenal, it was necessary to secure the written permission of La Fayette, commander of the National Guard. In the absence of La Fayette the removal order (a routine matter) was signed by his adjutant, Marquis de La Salle.

Loiterers on the banks of the Seine, seeing a barge being loaded with powder under guard of four national guardsmen, began to murmur. Some historians would have us believe that the whole powder incident was provoked by similarity of the two words traite and traître. In any event, the loading of the poudre de traîte soon gave rise to the cry of traitor and the gathering mob demanded a head. La Fayette, idol of the people, must be called in to settle the matter. Unfortunately neither La Fayette nor Bailly knew anything of the shipment. They ordered the loading stopped, the arrest of the guardsmen and technical arrest of the powder commissioners. Their blunder cost Lavoisier dearly, for it pointed the finger of suspicion directly at him. The rumor spread that the directors of powders were about to deprive Parisians of their defense by removing all powder and flints from Paris.

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Not till the following day when Lavoisier explained the matter to the local assembly of the district of St. Louis was the matter technically cleared up and the men freed. The assembly sent two members to examine the powder and appease the public. Several kegs were opened and the powder found to be as represented, poudre de traîte.

It was to this powder episode that Marat referred when he made his bitter denunciation of Lavoisier in the columns of his Ami du Peuple.

"I denounce you, Sieur Lavoisier, master of charlatans, son of a rent collector, apprentice chemist, pupil of the Genovese stock-jobber, tax collector, steward of ammunition and saltpeter, administrator of discount funds, secretary to the king, member of the Academy of Sciences [for having] transferred the gunpowder from the arsenal to the Bastille on the night of the 12th or 13th, a Devil's intrigue. Would to heaven he had been hanged from a lamp-post August 8th."

Though he picked Lavoisier as his special victim, Marat did not limit his attacks to one scientist but branded the whole Academy as charlatans and thus paved the way for the downfall

of the Academy and, indirectly, the death of Lavoisier on the guillotine.

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The immediate cause of Lavoisier's death at the hands of the Revolutionary Terror came, however, not from his work in science, but from his membership in the Farme Générale, the organization which contracted the right of collecting indirect taxes on goods and produce in return for stipulated annual payments to the royal treasury. It may seem queer that Lavoisier who proposed the abolition of the powder monopoly should remain a member of the tax-collecting monopoly which was to the common people the most odious organization in France. Yet Lavoisier and a few of his conscientious colleagues brought about many liberal reforms in the Farme Générale. He was regarded as one of the ablest and most honorable of its members.

Even a proved charge of embezzlement could not send the Farmers to their death, for only plots against the safety of the Republic were punishable by death. So, the prosecuting attorney was forced to find some other charge to murder Lavoisier. He found therefore that Lavoisier was guilty, as a "Farmer," of adding water to the tobacco sold to citizens thus injuring their health and endangering their safety by cheating them. The charge was absurd; all tobacco must be moist and Lavoisier had, in fact, recommended to the Farme that the amount of water in tobacco be reduced. But the charge like many others at the

time was sufficient excuse for a judicial murder. It was at this trial that Coffinhall, vice president of the Tribunal, was supposed to have uttered the shameful words, "The Republic has no need for scientists, let justice take its course."

On May 8, 1794, Lavoisier, fourth in a line of twenty-three "Farmer Generals," followed his father-in-law, M. Paulze to death on the guillotine. There were few jeers from the crowd as the famous scientist stood his last moment on the scaffold. Though they could not understand his great contribution to chemical theory, they could appreciate the fact that he had given them gunpowder as well as many other practical contributions to a higher mode of living.

When La Grange learned of the execution, he uttered the unforgettable words, "It took but a moment to cut off that head but it will take France a century to produce another like it."

Today, freed from dependence on natural nitrates, we cannot well understand the difficulties which faced Lavoisier in his successful efforts to produce an adequate supply of effective gunpowder. And we have easily forgotten (or never knew) that but for the work of Lavoisier, American independence would have been wellnigh impossible. Where in all this broad land of ours is there a single token acknowledging this great gift from Lavoisier to America?

-Sidney J. French

"USELESS" SCIENCE

PROPOUNDING, AND ANSWERING, THE QUESTION "SO WHAT?" WHEN APPLIED TO PURE SCIENCE



During the summer of 1937 and archaeologist with pick and spade began search of a strip just east of the Rocky Mountains, seeking the trail of the first Americans. His exploration will lead northward through Canada and Alaska, for it is believed that early man walked over from Asia on the Bering ice or by a prehistoric land-bridge—and the search almost certainly will take years and perhaps decades of patient labor, though with luck it might end next week by a fortunate find.

But when the thing is found, what use is it? The result, if successful, may be the acquisition of a few fossil bones together with stone tools, shells, possibly fragments of a primitive pottery, and other relics of thousands-of-years-dead people. The museums may swell out a bit to house and display the remains of America's pre-history—but what has this to do with the citizen of today? The question was abruptly put by a 15-year-old boy to a digger lecturing in a Philadelphia school last spring, "What's the good of all this fossil stuff?"

Such questions are usually an-

swered by other questions. Two hundred years ago the German professor Johann Kruger was demonstrating at the University of Halle the queer behavior of amber, glass, and other "electrick" substances when rubbed with silk or fur, and a student rose up to inquire the practical value of such knowledge. "What's the use of bugs, fleas, and grasshoppers?" retorted Kruger. "God only knows what the ingenious heads of our time will get out of it all."

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A hundred years later the English experimenter Faraday found that the electric current could be invoked by rotating a wire loop between the poles of a magnet. When he demonstrated his machine at a public exhibit, again the old question of utility came up. "Very ingenious and very interesting," pronounced the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, Prime Minister, "but, Sir, what's the good of it?" "What's the good of a baby?" shot back Faraday, looking with pardonable pride at this baby of his laboratory, the first dynamo. And then, as though foreseeing the innumerable incandescent lamps, trolley cars, railway trains, factory machines, telephones, radio sets, and other useful gadgets driven by the power generated by his grown-up "baby," Faraday answered in language a politician could understand: "Perhaps some day you will be able to tax it."

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The connection between tax assessments and fossil study is less obvious than that between the assessor and the electrical industries, but even paleontology has its practical applications. Most of the major petroleum producing companies now employ highly specialized geologists. Twenty years ago it would be difficult to find many of these specialists outside a university or museum staff. Today they are in demand by oil companies as lookouts to follow the course of drilling of each projected well down through the various strata. They watch for two things: the nature of the rock formation as each new layer is encountered, and the nature of its contained fossils. By comparing these with the kinds of rocks and fossils encountered in the boring of earlier wells, the geologists decide whether to continue deeper to an indicated pool of oil or abandon the digging as an obviously dry hole.

Now the most significant fossils for this prospecting are not those that we commonly see in exhibits and read about in the nature books—trilobites, corals, and shells of appreciable size —for the drill in pounding and grinding its way downward destroys these

forms. Even the fragments usually are crushed beyond recognition. But there are minute fossils, formanifera, smaller than a pinhead, visible under the microscope—structures so small that they escape the mutilation of the drill, and yet so individual that they are infallible signs of the geological age in which they lived and of the geological sediment in which they are buried. These microfossils serve as guide-posts along the downward trail to oil. They are veritable footprints and thumbprints to the geological detectives-and today Texas, Oklahoma, and other petroleum states annually collect millions in taxes from gushers that were found with the aid of such recondite clues.

Recently an eminent architect, in a public address to a convention of physicists, begged the specialists of the atom to give attention to the practical problem of housing. Such laboratory pursuits as the measurement of the speed with which the neutron penetrates the nucleus of the atom, the calculation of the transformations of matter which occur according to the theory of relativity, and the determination of the rate of flight of the runaway star systems, were all labeled "brilliantly useless" in view of the belief that "millions cannot afford decent homes because none of our great minds has ever been focused on the basic everyday problem of human shelter."

There is a question whether the problem of housing is fundamentally

one for the physicist's techniques in readjusting materials or one for the economist's techniques in readjusting human relationships. But quite apart from this, as a critic immediately pointed out, is the fact that brilliant minds in physics, brilliant minds in relativity, brilliant minds in spectroscopy and other skills of measuring the behavior of stars, are not necessarily guaranteed to be brilliant minds in housing. It is a trite wisdom that the shoemaker had best stick to his last. The personalia of science is replete with stories of the ineptness, absentmindedness, fumbling and bungling of brilliant minds when shunted into fields outside their accustomed specialties.

All the resources of modern physics are open to the housing authorities; and it may be that by applying some of the new knowledge of alloys, glasses, plastics, and other materials "the cost of the poor man's housing today could be cut in half," as our architect predicts. Just as the oil prospectors, with no thought to the advancement of the pure science of micropaleontology but solely for the speeding of the commercial pursuit of petroleum gushers, called the highly specialized geologists into their employ, so may the housing experts find practical uses for trained young men of the physical sciences. But don't expect-indeed, don't even think of encouraging-the explorers of neutrons and light quanta to turn aside from their searches, no matter how

brilliantly superfluous such pursuits may seem to an outsider. From the abstruse study of neutrons has already come an epochal discovery: artificial radioactivity. Even common table salt can be stimulated by these newfound means to give off rays more powerful than those from costly radium-and this discovery seems of the highest promise in our international search for an effective treatment of cancer. Rules and principles of relativity have aided the designers in recent improvements of X-ray tubes and other vacuum tubes. Forty years ago these devices were merely interesting laboratory curiosities; today they are indispensable tools of medicine, surgery, industry, and other useful arts.

One of the strategic skills of the modern metal industries is the system for defracting X-rays, a technique by which the expert is able to determine the fine structure, strength, durability, and other qualities of alloys and other crystal structures. This utility came out of the theorizing of a German mathematical physicist, Max von Laue. It is reported that Professor von Laue used to say that if an experiment failed to agree with theory, so much the worse for the experiment. Certainly, in this case, he made his discovery of X-ray behavior without so much as submitting the idea to a laboratory test, so confident was he of his mathematics. Others proceeded to experiment, and found von Laue's paper-and-pencil discovery com-

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pletely verified. If better crankshafts are made today, better locomotives, automobiles, and airplanes, some of the applause should be directed toward this brilliantly useless mathematical research of the year 1912.

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A French naturalist, René de Reaumur, became interested in the habits of wasps, and gave patient study to the processes by which the insects convert small sticks and other fragments of vegetable matter into their smooth and seamless nest-building material. Reaumur pointed out that processes might be applied industrially to convert wood-fiber into paper—a suggestion which has assumed vast commercial importance in the wood-pulp industry of today.

Even the measurer of starlight had best be left to his specialty. It was one of these, Norman Lockyear, who discovered helium in the sun by a minute analysis of light from that star. Another twenty-six years passed before helium was found on the earth, but don't forget that the astronomer's glimpsing of it in the solar fires brought the first hint of this now useful and beneficent gas.

Some years ago a young German chemist, C. Fahlberg, came to Johns Hopkins University to pursue advanced studies under Ira Remsen. He began to explore the preparation of a complicated organic compound, ortho-sulfamidobenzoic acid. "Any practical man," admitted Professor Remsen, "would unhesitatingly have condemned the work as being utterly

useless, and I may add that some did condemn it. There was no hope, no thought entertained by us that anything practical would come of it. But lo! one day it appeared that one of the substances discovered in the course of the investigation is the sweetest thing on earth; and then it was shown that it can be taken into the human system without injury; and finally that it can be manufactured at such a price as to furnish sweetness at a cheaper rate than it is furnished by the sugar cane or the beet. And soon a great demand for it was created, and today it is manufactured in surprising quantities and used extensively in all corners of the globe." That's the story of the discovery of saccharin.

In science there are many formal recognitions, ranging from the internationally famed Nobel prizes, which carry an honorarium of about \$40,000 each, down to local awards of bronze medals and other inexpensive tokens. Unique among the scores of distinctions is the American Chemical Society's award in pure chemistry. This prize is significant because of its restrictions: (1) the recipient must be a young American, i.e. not over 31 years old; (2) his work must be in pure chemistry, i.e. in fundamental aspects of the science rather than in useful applications; and (3) the research must be carried on in a university or other educational institution. Thus it happens that each September some young chemist of the American universities has handed to

him \$1,000—a stepping stone to a year's study abroad, or a fund to replenish his library, or, as it has been used in some cases, the wherewithal for further research.

Dr. Arthur C. Langmuir proposed the establishment of this prize in 1931 and provided the money to carry it the first few years. Seven times has the prize been awarded, the choice being made by a committee of the American Chemical Society. And you who may be interested in the future of our basic science will do well to keep an eye on the winners. Thus far they are: Linus C. Pauling (California Institute of Technology) 1931, O. K. Rice (Harvard) 1932, F. H. Spedding (University of California) 1933, C. F. Koelsch (University of Wisconsin) 1934, R. M. Fuoss (Brown) 1935, J. G. Kirkwood (Cornell) 1936, E. B. Wilson, Jr. (Harvard) 1937. By most cost accounting standards the work of each of these men would be recorded in red ink. Their studies have to do with such items as the nature of the chemical bond between atoms, molecular structure, the mechanism of reactions, and other profound problems that a consistent utilitarian would reject as too theoretical for a workaday world.

And yet, please note, the man who proposed and established this award, and who suggested the restrictions, is an industrial chemist with a record of solid commercial success. Arthur C. Langmuir (brother of the Nobel prizeman Irving Langmuir), after working

strategically in several commercial fields, particularly with the chemistry of glycerine, was enabled by his breadand-butter science to retire from business at the age of 48 with a comfortable fortune. But he knows that all bread-and-butter science rests on the foundations laid and continually being extended by the truth-seekers—the pioneering professors who experiment, explore, and discover with no thought of practical objective or monetary return.

"In my case," said Dr. Langmuir, "I was impressed by the long train of pure science researches, beginning with the discovery of glycerine by Scheele in 1779, which provided the basis for industrial applications in the latter half of the 19th century. Out of this came, in turn, the discovery of nitroglycerine, the invention of dynamite, the Alfred Nobel fortune, and in our century the award of the Nobel prizes. Similarly with a long roster of other utilities: thorium, for example, the apparently useless find of the great Berzelius in 1818, is today an indispensable element in vacuum tube manufacture. I have no doubt that there are countless chemical substances now known to only a few scientists in university and other research laboratories, which will eventually be found to have important commercial uses and be the basis of gigantic industries employing thousands of men."

Tell it to the utilitarians: there is no useless science. —George W. Gray

DIFFICULT WITNESS

THE PROMINENT CRIMINAL LAWYER INTERROGATES HIS OWN SMALL SON



"JOHNNY, this is Mr. Weatherbee, a friend of daddy's. Mr. Weatherbee hasn't any small boys of his own, and he wonders what kind of a noise a doggie makes."

"That's not my fault."

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"No, but he's wondering."

"All right. Let him wonder."

"I don't suppose you could tell him."

"I don't suppose I could."

"Go ahead and tell us, Johnny, like a good boy, how does the doggie go?"

"I ain't saying."

"Does it go meow, meow?"

"I don't remember."

"Does it go choo, choo, choo?"

"Maybe it does and maybe it does not."

"Does a doggie go bang, bang?"

"If Mr. Weatherbee wants to know

"If Mr. Weatherbee wants to know how a doggie goes, tell him to hang around a doggie a while like the rest of us have to."

"Isn't it a fact, Johnny, that you told mamma yesterday how a doggie goes?"

"I don't remember nothing. Everything was hazy."

"Did you not tell her in words substantially to this effect: 'Mamma, this is how a doggie goes: bow, wow, wow?"

"I was in Sunday school and I've got three kids who can prove it."

"I don't suppose if daddy gave you a nickel, you could remember how a doggie goes?"

"For a nickel I couldn't even remember what a doggie is."

"How about a dime, then?"

"A dime is a little better."

"All right. Fifteen cents."

"O. K. A doggie goes bow, wow, wow. And sometimes a doggie goes woof, woof, woof. And some doggies go yip, yip, yip,"

"That's splendid, Johnny. Now, tell Mr. Weatherbee what you want to be when you grow up."

"That's too much for fifteen cents."

"All right. Here's another dime."

"I'm going to fix witnesses."

"Isn't he the cute lad, Bill? Well, run along, Johnny, and don't spend all your money for candy."

"I'm not going to spend any of it. I'm going down to the store and get my finger caught in the door, and I am going to cry until they give me some candy for nothing."

-Doug Welch

CAROLINA'S HEROINE

AMERICA SURVIVED FLORA MacDONALD'S BRAVERY WELL ENOUGH IN 1776 TO PAY IT HOMAGE IN 1937



T THE bleak, storm-swept town of Portree, in the Isle of Skye, in the north of Scotland, a royal adventurer said farewell to a Highland girl (her hair still "bound with the blue snood of maidenhood") on an April day in 1746. He left her with torrential words of gratitude upon his lips. And no wonder. For this girl, by her native wit and loyalty, had brought him safely through a line of fire and bayonets which otherwise he could not have escaped. Disguised as her maid-servant he had eluded the watchful Grenadiers of the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland whose army had defeated his own only a few weeks earlier in the sanguinary Battle of Culloden, A homeless wanderer with a price on his head of 30,000 pounds, the plight of this adventurer had so moved the Highland girl that she had undertaken his rescue where everyone else had refused to assume the responsibility. And she was successful.

The adventurer was Charles Edward, last crowned king of the Stuart dynasty (known to romantic history as Bonnie Prince Charlie). The girl was Flora MacDonald, born 1722 in the Isle of South Uist, Hebrides, sometime resident of Cross Creek (now Fayetteville), North Carolina.

Charles Edward left Flora that day and turned to a life of useless debauchery on the Continent. She turned back to her native Highlands, there to await the capture and subsequent imprisonment in London Tower which she knew would come for aiding and abetting the Pretender to Great Britain's throne, then held by George II of Hanover.

Twenty-one years later this same Flora MacDonald, now a woman past middle age, stood under a big oak tree in Cross Creek, with claymore strapped about her waist, her blue bonnet atop her golden hair, and rallied the Scottish-American clans to fight in the American Revolution, But she rallied them not to assist the Colonies but the Crown—the same Great Britain which had hunted her prince and her kinsmen like wild animals, had incarcerated her in London, and which now (1775) was seeking to put down the "insurrection" in the land which had given her safe harborage.

The story of Flora MacDonald is

known throughout Great Britain from Land's End to Johnny Groats. In Scotland her name is a household word. She stands in marble on Castle Hill in Inverness, the monument inscribed in Gaelic with the statement that while the heather blooms on the moors the name of this fair maiden shall endure. Her home in the Highlands became a shrine which drew visitors from all over the world. Doctor Samuel Johnson and Boswell, in their Tour of the Hebrides, visited Flora and her husband, Allan Mac-Donald, in the early 1770's. Boswell has recorded that her winsomeness and her ability to talk interestingly and straightforwardly won the admiration of Old Sam, the world's greatest conversationalist, who pronounced her a charming and "sonsie" lassie.

But over here in America few people outside the immediate environs of eastern North Carolina know that Flora MacDonald came to America, let alone that she lived here for five years (1774-79), took an active part in the life of the Colony, buried two of her children in the Old North State, and returned to Scotland in 1780 to live peacefully with her husband until her death in 1790.

Reading the record of this Scottish heroine, one is struck with a number of things. First, her unshakable intestinal fortitude. After Culloden's disastrous defeat had forever blighted the hopes of the Stuart dynasty to sit up on Great Britain's throne, Flora with

a few personal followers (fellow clansmen for the most part) wandered wild among the Highlands. With her also was her serving maid, Betty Burke. Had a passerby lifted the disguise of that serving maid, he would have found the handsome form and features of the Bonnie Stuart Prince. For it was in this disguise that Flora contrived the Prince's escape.

Later, in crossing from the Scottish mainland to Skye in an open sailboat, the Prince and his rescuers were fired upon by King George's militia. What must Flora do but spring up to the bow of the boat, with her pistol cocked, assume command of the seamen, and call out to her royal charge:

"Keep your head down, your Royal Highness! Your life is more precious than mine." And Charles, it is recounted, obliged by keeping "the royal, the hunted head" down. Still later, during her imprisonment in London, Prince Frederick, son of George II, asked her how she had dared to aid his royal father's arch enemy to escape. Unafraid, Flora raised her soft eyes to his and answered: "Ah, your Royal Highness, I should have done as much for you had I found you in like circumstances." And Frederick capitulated at once and worked for her comfort and eventual release.

She married her kinsman Allan MacDonald of Kingsburgh. Coming to America in 1774, the pair settled at Cross Creek in North Carolina among hundreds of other clansmen who had

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come over after the defeat at Culloden. Flora MacDonald's tree, or rather the stump of it, still stands, as does the old kirk at which Flora and Allan worshiped and on whose pages their names are inscribed. There is a Flora MacDonald's Spring from which she often drank. In an old churchyard lie two unmarked graves in which sleep two of her bairns.

One wonders, reading of it, how, out of the conflict of loyalties in her makeup, Flora should have decided that her duty lay with the Royal standard rather than with the Colonies. That she had such a mental conflict and was uncertain, is evidenced by a letter she wrote February 17, 1776, in Scots dialect, to a friend:

Dear Maggie . . . Allan leaves tomorrow to join Donald's standard at Cross Creek and I will be all alone wi' my bairns. Canna' ye come and stay wi' me awhile? These are troublous time, I ween. God will help the right. I hope our ain are in the right, prays

Flory MacDonald.
All Highlanders in Carolina, in those days, were haunted by the fear-some oath they had been compelled to take after Culloden, and this is said to have prevented many of them from siding with the Colonists in the War of Independence. Here is the oath:

Your gude friend,

"I.......do swear that as I shall answer to God at the great day of Judgment, I have not, nor shall have in my possession any gun, pistol

or other arms whatsoever, and shall never use tartan plaid or any part of the Highland garb; and if I do so may I be cursed in my undertakings, family and property; may I never see my wife and children, father, mother or relation again; may I be killed in battle as a coward and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred—may all this come upon me if I break my oath."

The royal forces in North Carolina were shortly dispersed by the Colonial forces. After the Revolution was over the Highlanders returned and settled again in eastern North Carolina. They are there yet, their descendants. Flora, however, had sailed away before the war ended to live in Scotland until her death in 1790.

"Weel," she is said to have remarked sadly in her old age, "I've fought for both the Stuarts and the Hanoverians, and got not even thanks from either of them."

As this page is written comes news that recently a group of Carolinians of Scottish descent have erected a memorial to Flora's two children who are buried at Cross Creek; have reinterred the remains on the campus of Flora MacDonald College; and on the marker above the tomb have inscribed Dr. Samuel Johnson's tribute: "The Preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history; and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor."

-GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

SATURDAY NIGHT

SHE COULD SIZE HIM UP WITH A SINGLE GLANCE, BUT MIRRORS DON'T LIE EITHER



THEN she had come home in the VV late afternoon, she had not troubled to unwrap her purchases before she flung herself down on the studio couch that served, at night, as her bed. She had been too fatigued even to reflect, forlornly, that it would soon be Saturday night and again she would be alone. Ever since her high school days, she had regarded Saturday evening as the significant time to be engaged. Then she had said: "Because Mama won't let me go out week nights." Later, she had said: "It's my working-girl psychology; I can sleep Sunday mornings." Now she made no explanations, not even to herself. She had stopped expecting that any of the men she knew wanted to marry her and had fastened on advancing in her job. Most of the time, she could endure knowing she was too short, too fat, too graceless and without attachments at the age of thirty-four; still, she hated to be alone on Saturday evening.

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It was good to be too tired to think, and better to fall asleep, as she had until the ring of the telephone bell pierced her slumber. Automatically she reached out in the dark for the instrument and, in a bemused voice, said: "Hello."

A man's voice sounded, "Is Miss Pauline Howser there?"

"Speaking," she said foggily.

"You won't know who I am, but I'm a friend of Elsie Platt's. I'm from Indianapolis, too, and when she heard me say, why, I was going to New York, she said I had to look you up."

"Oh." Reviving now, she reached up to turn on the bridge lamp. "How is Elsie? I haven't heard from her for weeks, it seems like."

"Elsie's fine. Never better. She sent all kinds of messages to you. The minute I told her I was going on to New York she said one thing I had to do, why, was to look you up."

"I'd love to see her." Pauline began to push up the roll of hair at the back of her neck. "I wish you'd brought her along."

He laughed. "I guess her ball-andchain might have a few little objections to that." He laughed again, more appreciatively.

"Oh, how is Warren?"

"Fine. Never better." He paused.

"I was wondering, I guess you've already eaten, although you New Yorkers, you eat at all hours, I guess."

She cast a quick look at her wrist watch. Nine o'clock; she must have slept for ages. Tell him she hadn't eaten? Why not? He doesn't mean anything to you; you don't even know his name. "As a matter of fact, I haven't. I was so dead tired I must have dropped off to sleep when I came in before dinner."

"That's turning up trumps!" he said. "Neither have I. How about having a bite with me?"

"Well, I don't know, I wasn't planning . . . after all, I don't even know your name."

"My error. It's Warren, just like Elsie's husband is. Warren Foskett, we run to Warrens out our way. So what do you say?"

"Well, I don't see any reason why not. I think it would be very nice."

"It's seven past nine. I'll be there at nine-thirty. Oll Korrect?"

"Old what?"

"O. K.?"

"O. K." She hung up the receiver, thinking: My God, is he going to give me time to press my green dress, the only thing I have that doesn't make me look as though the Singer Midgets pay me to keep off the stage. Hurriedly, she unwrapped the girdle she had bought that day, pressed her dress, straightened the room and checked on the amount of gin and vermouth in the kitchenette. At ninethirty, as she was regretting that she

had not had her hair waved that afternoon, the downstairs bell rang. She pressed the button that clicked open the downstairs door and told herself not to be a fool because a new man, whose voice sounded all right but whose expressions sounded silly, was taking her out. Only it was Saturday night and they could go to Rina's or, if he looked prosperous, even to The Lion; at either place, she would be certain to see someone she knew.

Then she opened the apartment door and saw him, about to mount the next flight of stairs. He seemed like a man who would never end; at a moderate guess, she supposed him to be six feet, six. As though by habit, he stooped coming through the doorway while Pauline backed away from him, her lips paralyzed into the form of a welcoming smile. Shaking his hand was like shaking a sheaf of bones. She stammered, seeking words, as she took his coat and hat. Did you have a hard time finding this place? You certainly made it in good time. Why don't you try that chair? And don't puncture my slipcover with your elbow, she added to herself.

"Nice little place you got here." He craned his long neck, looking around, smiling.

"It's comfortable." She smiled, too, not to be outdone.

"I'm all for a home. I'm not one, why, for hotel rooms."

"I know just what you mean." And I wish you were back in your hotel room, she thought. During the pause that followed her words, she watched him finger the objects on the table beside him and scrub his spectacles with a small pink cloth. Then he encountered her gaze; and both started to speak.

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"Oh, I'm sorry. Go ahead. I didn't mean to interrupt," Pauline said.

"No, no, you go on. I hadn't, why, anything special."

"Well, I was only going to ask you ifyou'd like a drink. I mean, I could mix a Martini."

"No." He chuckled. "Never touch the stuff. Smokes are my vice." He dived into one pocket and then into another. "What do you know about that? I don't seem to have any."

She held out her pack. "Here's some." Now I suppose he'll use up all mine, she thought, and forget to buy me any when we go out—wherever we can possibly go. A cute pair we're going to make. I'd rather be found dead than have them see me with him at Rina's or The Lion. They'd probably pay us to come in together. Maybe I could get him to go to some lunch wagon; tell him it's all the fad in New York.

"You haven't told me a word about Elsie," she said in a sweetly reproachful voice.

"Elsie? She's fine. Their kid's getting bigger every day. And Elsie, you ought to see her, she never looked better."

"Isn't that grand? Well, aside from giving her my love, loads of it, you tell her I said she's simply got to come to New York." At which time, it will give me great pleasure to wring her neck, she told herself. My God, she must have known what I would look like next to that telegraph pole over there. Unless she thinks I haven't stopped growing yet.

"I sure will do that little thing," he said.

"She's been writing that she was coming for ages, it seems like."

"I kind of think it's as hard for Elsie to tear herself away, why, from Indianapolis as it is for you New Yorkers to tear yourself away from New York. That's a fact, isn't it?" He pointed his long thin finger at her.

"There's certainly something to what you say about New Yorkers. After you've lived here a few years, well, you just can't live any place else." As he spoke he got up to approach the table where her pack of cigarettes lay. Then he halted. "I—say, I don't want to use up all your smokes. Isn't there a place around here where I could pop out and buy some?"

"Oh, I don't mind," she said, without conviction. "Go on, take one."

"No, you only got a few left, I can see. Isn't there some place near-by."

"Well, there's a drug store on the corner. I could call them up, but I kind of hate to have them come over just for cigarettes."

Presently she stopped discouraging him. Her new girdle was uncomfortable. If he went out for a few minutes, she could get out of it and into her old one. That reward, at least, she deserved. As she stood in the doorway,

she repeated the directions: turn to the left when you go out, it's on the corner, on the opposite side of this street. She waited until she heard him close the downstairs door before she struggled out of her dress and the new girdle. If Elsie were given to practical jokes, she thought, but she wasn't; Elsie probably didn't even notice his appearance any more. Anyway, Elsie was fairly tall herself. If he were only entertaining or gave some indication of intelligence, you could forget that, together, they looked like a comic vaudeville team. Only what a dimwit, sitting there cleaning his glasses and fiddling with things on the table and giving that insufferable smile of his.

Dressed once more, she felt easier. It occurred to her that she could ignore his ring. Only she couldn't. It would be awful to do that to a friend of Elsie's. No, she was in for it, and that was that. She was hungry, too. If I hadn't wanted to get out of that strait-jacket, I might have thought to say we'll go out together. Talk about New Yorkers. What time do they get hungry enough to eat in Indianapolis?

She looked at her wrist watch. Nearly fifteen minutes had passed since his departure. Maybe he's having a chocolate nut sundae with maraschino cherries at the soda fountain while I'm here, dying of starvation. Or maybe he got lost. I only gave him the directions *twice*. She stood before the mirror to rearrange her hair and stuck out her tongue at the irritable

face she saw in reflection. I have a good mind to mix myself a Martini and get a little tight so I can bear the rest of the evening. "Don't use the stuff," she said in a loud prissy voice. Afraid it will stunt him, maybe.

Presently she went into the kitchenette and ate a cracker, with her ear cocked for the ring of the bell. Maybe there really is something wrong with it, she thought, those things get shortcircuited or something, just as easy. Restraining herself from looking at her watch, she picked up another cracker. After one bite, she looked. He had been gone nearly half an hour. She put down the half-eaten cracker and walked slowly out of the kitchenette. Midway in the room she stopped. She knew. While he had been sitting there in that chair, fiddling with the things on the table, all that time, he had been cooking up an escape. He had probably had cigarettes right in the pocket he had pretended to search. He wasn't coming back.

Now she didn't feel hungry at all. Once more she unfastened the green dress. She knew how she looked in it; she didn't have to go to the mirror to try to see what she must have looked like through his eyes. Anyway, it was getting on in the evening. If all that sleep she had had earlier wouldn't ruin her chances for sleep right now, everything would be all right. When she woke up, it would be Sunday, with a week, with a dyke of seven days between herself and next Saturday night.

—Leane Zugsmith

FROM OUT OF SPACE

ALMOST EVERY DAY A METEOR STRIKES THE EARTH, BUT NO ONE HAS BEEN KILLED-YET



THE Trans-Siberian Express was pulling into the Lialka siding at Kansk on June 30, 1908. Station-master I. I. Illinski felt a rush of wind past his head and heard a numbing explosion. Terrified, he leaped to his feet and peered down the track. Train ninety-two had come to an abrupt halt.

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Hands over ears, the engineer clambered down from his cab. A quick look convinced him that his train had not been derailed as he had feared. There followed a bewildered conference with the stationmaster, and then the two men set off on a tour of inspection to determine if any of the goods in the train might have blown up.

At the time of the explosion, S. B. Simianoff was sitting in his cabin at Wanawara. He observed a flash of light, and then the windows and frames of the cabin shattered. Clods of earth were spit up from the square in front of the lonely house, and a heavy stove lid flew across the room onto his bed.

In Jena, Germany, seismographs recorded an earthquake. Several micro-barographs in England indicated a strange disturbance of the air. Individuals isolated at points within a circle two thousand miles across reported an explosion.

Leonid Alekseyevitch Kulik listened to the frightened reports of catastrophe which drifted across Russia from the east. His curiosity aroused, he pleaded with the Russian government to finance an expedition to the Podkamennaya Tunguska River, from the banks of which most of the unbelievable stories radiated. The government considered his request for eleven years and then came across. Kulik left for Siberia.

Bitter winters, frightened, superstitious natives, and some of the most blood-thirsty mosquitoes on earth harassed Kulik on his trek. One by one the members of his party deserted him until finally, in 1928, he reached the Tunguska alone. He spent a polar winter there in the forest and came back to Moscow with the story of what was probably the greatest meteorite to strike the earth in historic times.

Within a circle thirty miles across, all the trees had been felled along radial lines. Roots pointing toward the center of the desolated area, occasional trunks lay stripped of their limbs and foliage out to a distance of thirty-five miles. Kulik noted a "continuous, uniform charring of the blowndown woods in the central area, out to a radial distance of fifteen kilometers." The prostrated trees had been scorched from above.

The natives told Kulik how the layer of perpetually frozen clay and ice had been penetrated and how, for several days after the meteorite's fall, "water shot up out of the earth." Craters as large as one hundred fifty feet across scarred the ground. There was no animal life, and what scrubby little vegetation was to be found had all grown since June 30, 1908. The natives swore allegiance to a new fire god, and they meticulously avoided the pitted, sterile region of the fall.

Had the great Tunguska meteorite struck the earth over New York or London, the world would not have waited twenty years to learn about the fall. Fortunately for puny man, such "celestial bombshells" seldom reach the ground. It is estimated that 400,000,000 objects hurtle into the earth's atmosphere every day; of these, some 20,000,000 are large enough to appear as meteors, or ordinary "falling stars." Usually small bits of metal or stone the size of a pea or larger, these objects when they fall into the earth's atmosphere from somewhere in outer space appear as quick flashes of light in the night sky.

Most meteors are traveling so fast

when they collide with the earth's protective blanket of air that the atmospheric friction cremates them far above the ground. The ashes, of course, eventually settle to earth as harmless dust, and the earth gains about 93,000 tons annually from this source. On the average of once every day and a half, however, one of these visitors from space manages to survive the fiery journey through the atmosphere and hurtles down to the ground as a meteorite. And for every one that ends its cosmic wanderings on terra firma, three more disappear forever beneath the surface of the oceans.

Meteorites have been regularly recorded ever since 1805, from which time perhaps five hundred are known to have fallen. For many years, the very existence of "stones which fall from the sky" went unrecognized by science, and the falls themselves, locally unfamiliar as they were, occasioned great fear and puzzlement among lay observers. Typical, perhaps, of the reports of these awesome phenomena is that which is found in a rare tract belonging to the British Museum. The paper bears the piquing title, "Look Up and See Wonders: a miraculous Apparition in the Avre, lately seen in Barke-shire at Bawlkin Greene, neere Hatford, 9th April, 1620."

In naïve, picturesque fashion, the tract describes the event. "A gentle gale of wind then blowing," it reads, "from betweene the West and the Northwest, in an instant was heard, first a hideous rumbling in the Ayre, and presently after followed a strange and fearefull peal of Thunder running up and down these parts of the Countrey, but it strake with the loudest violence, and more furious tearing of the Ayre, about a place called The White Horse Hill, than in any other. The whole order of this thunder carried a kind of Majesticall state with it, for it maintayned (to the affrighted Beholders' seeming) the fashion of a fought Battaile.

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"It beganne thus: First, for an onset, went off one great Cannon as it were of thunder alone, like a warning peece to the rest that were to follow. Then a little while after was heard a second; and so by degrees a third, untill the number of 20 were discharged (or there-abouts) in very goode order, though in very great terror.

"In some little distance of time after this was audibly heard the sound of a Drum beating a Retreate. Amongst all these angry peales shot off from Heaven, this begat a wonderful admiration, that at the end of the report of every crackle, or Cannon-thundering, a hizzing Noyse made way through the Ayre, not unlike the flying of Bullets from the mouths of great Ordnance; and by the judgment of all the terror-stricken witnesses, they were Thunder-bolts. For one of them was seene by many people to fall at a place called Bawlkin Greene, being a mile and a half from Hatford: Which Thunder-bolt was by one Mistris *Greene* caused to be digged out of the ground, she being an eyewitnesse, amongst many other, of the manner of the falling."

The phenomena incidental to the fall of meteorites are always much the same. As in the foregoing account, the observer notes a loud and rumbling noise resembling the firing of distant cannon; if he is very close to the site of the actual descent, he also hears a peculiar hissing noise which has proven difficult to explain. If the stone falls at night, the observer may see the object still high in the stratosphere as a brilliant "falling star"; if the fall occurs during the day, the light phenomena are not so spectacular, but the observer may see the dark stone itself just before it crashes into the ground.

Probably no meteorite has ever received greater publicity than the stone which pierced the hood of a model-T car a few years ago near Crawfordsville, Indiana. Breathtaking accounts of the terrifying incident in which young Lawrence Swank almost lost his life were published in papers and magazines the world over. Subsequent investigation proved that the "meteorite" was only a piece of carborundum and that the incident was a hoax perpetrated upon the driver of the car. Stories of the "fall" circulated far and wide notwithstanding and led to a general discussion of the hazards of descending meteorites.

Very old reports tell of occasional deaths due to meteorites, but corroboration is lacking in every case. As a matter of fact, there is not a single authenticated account of a man being slain by a meteorite, although many individuals have suffered uncomfortably close escapes. Thus, a seventy-pound stone fell within ten rods of a man working in the fields near Allegan, Michigan, on the morning of July 10, 1899.

Press reports in February, 1934, told of a pilot flying the airmail over Nebraska who "just managed to dodge" a meteorite by dipping the right wing of his plane. The pilot was actually more than eighty miles away from the stone at all times. Similarly, a flier in Wyoming "just missed"—by a mere twenty miles—a fearsome ball of fire which fell on his left. In March, 1933, two pilots in the Southwest "barely escaped" from perishing in a fall which they never approached closer than a hundred miles.

The plain fact is that no one can accurately judge the distance of a bright, shining object such as a meteor. Seven years ago at Poplar Bluff, Missouri, a sick child's father, returning from the doctor's office, ran to get out of the way of a meteorite which he thought was falling upon him from out of the east. The object came to earth fifty miles away near Paragould, Arkansas.

Iron meteorites are generally very hot upon striking the ground, but stones often prove quite cool. At least four well-known falls struck on dried grass and failed even to char it; one of the Winnebago stones fell upon a stack of dry straw without igniting it. A meteorite which came to earth in 1860 was so cold that frost had formed on its surface when it was picked up immediately after the fall!

Highly treasured by collectors and museums, meteorites and fragments of meteorites are traded and sold like rare stamps. A small Wisconsin stone, which in 1911 fell through the roof of a barn at Kilbourn, brought as much as seven dollars a gram. Incidentally, the courts have ruled in cases of disputed ownership that a meteorite belongs to the individual upon whose property it falls. Of course, the rare objects have no commercial use whatsoever, although tiny diamonds and other gems are occasionally found embedded within them. The composition for the most part follows one of two formulae: either 90 per cent iron and the rest nickel, cobalt, phosphorus, sulphur, copper, chromium, and carbon, in that order; or else one half silica and magnesia and the remainder iron.

While the Tunguska meteorite is probably the largest observed to fall there have been found several others not observed in their fall, which far exceed it in size. At Grootfontein, South Africa, there lies the fifty-ton giant which is the largest meteoritic object man has yet discovered. Admiral Peary, on a trip to Greenland in 1895, found three huge stones on the shores of Melville Bay. The great-

est, measuring eleven by seven by five feet, was brought to the Natural History Museum at New York, where it rests today. The weight is over thirty-six tons.

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Other extraordinarily large meteorites have been discovered about the earth. Three objects which together total seventy-five tons were found in Mexico, and a sixteen-ton monster has been uncovered in Oregon. Fourteen thousand very small fragments fell upon Holbrook, Arizona, in July, 1912, and in Poland a hundred thousand or more came to earth on a single June day in 1868!

But of all the meteorites which have from time to time smitten the face of old mother earth, the most dramatic and fantastic was that which fell onto the Mexican ranch of Señor Mijares at nine o'clock on the evening of November 27, 1885. For that strange nine-pound object was actually a piece of comet!

The story begins in 1772, when an observer named Montagne first discovered in the night sky a hazy object which he recognized as a comet. The years passed, and Pons, in 1805, found the object again in the heavens. Once more, in 1826, von Biela saw the comet, and he identified it; the object, which became visible every six years, was named Biela's comet.

For two returns after that, astronomers watched Biela's comet as it whipped past the earth on its long journey around the sun. Then, on a December night in 1845, Herrick and

Bradley at Yale saw the comet split.

Charles P. Olivier, writing in his excellent book, Meteors, relates what happened next. "Changes now occurred rapidly. The faint companion grew and both comets developed tails. Then the smaller one developed two tails. Next the larger one changed the shape of its head. Its nucleus divided; two tails were formed for it alone, and an arc of light stretched from one to the other. In February the companion became brighter. Three tails were developed by the original comet, and three or more cometary fragments were seen around the nucleus. Forces were at work within the comet, violently breaking it to pieces, the nature of which was wholly unknown. The return in 1852 was eagerly awaited, but when the comets -for we can hardly use the singular any further—appeared they were both faint and over a million miles apart . . . from that night in September, 1852, to the present, Biela's comet has never been seen."

No, the comet never came back. But on the dates when the comet should have returned, spectacular showers of meteors surprised astronomers. Every six years for thirty years the sky rained "stars" for one majestic night. The pyrotechnics flashed brilliantly for the last time on the night of November 27, 1885, and on the ranch of Señor Mijares near Mazapil, Mexico, there hurtled to earth a nine-pound piece of Biela's comet!

—Armin Deutsch

ENAMELING IN BRIEF

EVEN THE "BARBARIANS IN THE OCEAN" TRIED THEIR HAND AT THE MOST REVIVED OF ARTS



In the 3rd century A. D., the great sophist Philostratus wrote down this observation:

"It is said that the barbarians in the ocean pour these colors into bronze molds, that the colors become as hard as stone, preserving the designs."

Thus, with a maximum of simplification and a minimum of accuracy, the first description of the craft of enameling was recorded. But long before Philostratus, the ancient Egyptians produced the marvelous enameled walls of the palace of Rameses III in the Delta of the Nile. And much later, but at least seven centuries before the sophist was born, members of his own race, Greek sculptors, anticipated the "barbarians in the ocean" (the Celts of the British Islands by a less flattering name) when they utilized enamel for the enrichment of the drapery, and for the eyes, of their statues of human figures.

In subsequent centuries the craft followed a highly erratic course of dissemination, assuming more or less the nature of a series of revivals. From the Celts the art was transferred to Byzantium, and despite the stiff, formally decorative character of Byzantine enamels, their richness of color and strength of treatment made this period a high point in the history of enameling.

The next significant revival took place at Cologne, and from secrets learned here, in the 15th century, the great Limoges school received its start. Limoges was far from constituting the be-all and the end-all of the art of enameling, but it was the center of greatest activity and, more important, attained the highest mastery of the difficult craft of surface-painted enameling—the style represented by the enamelware shown on the following eight pages.

The Limoges surface-painted style flourished until the middle 17th century, afterwards degenerating into the so-called miniature style, which in turn fell into disuse at the time of the French Revolution. The industry was revived at Limoges about forty years ago, but the chain of revivals seems to have lost its charm, for neither there nor elsewhere has the beauty of these 16th century museum pieces been fully recaptured in modern times.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

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LIMOGES ENAMEL: THE PLANET MARS

Limoges enamel was at its best in the middle 16th century, to which period the examples shown on these pages belong. Masters of the pure color and the strong line, the Limoges craftsmen guarded their secrets jealously, seidom transmitted them except from father to son.



THE PLANET MERCURY

All enamel is a vitreous glaze, or combination of glazes, fused onto a metallic ground; but, unlike champlevé or cloisonné enamels, Limoges was "surface-painted"—not with a brush but painfully applied grain by grain in successive layers, one layer fused over the other.



THE PLANET VENUS

Art was long and arduous for enamelers. Isolated like monks, they labored for months over a single piece. Extreme limitations of technique, denying their productions the exuberance of a Chopin waltz, endowed them in compensation with the rich restraint of a Bach fugue.



PHAËTON'S CHARIOT

Depicted here is the chariot of the Sun-God which Phaëton drove across the course of the heavens, only to lose control of the fiery steeds and plunge so near the earth that, to save the world from destruction by flame, Zeus slew the foolhardy youth with a thunderbolt.



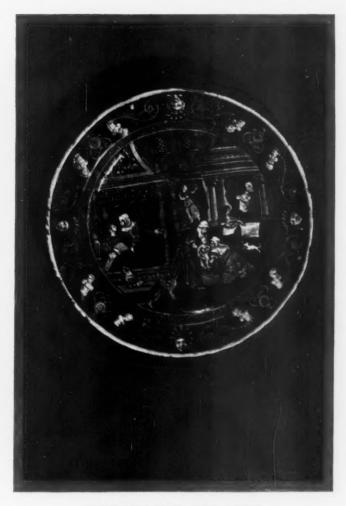
THE GOLDEN ASS

In this representation of a scene from Lucius Apuleius' Golden Ass, the hero of the famous commentary on ancient manners, changed into the form of an ass, listens to the old woman relating the story of Cupid and Psyche. Adapted from a design attributed to Raphael.



MYRRHA CHANGED INTO A TREE

The guild insignia of the Limoges enamel-workers should have been two fingers—crossed. Theirs was the least predictable of mediums, and they never knew whether they had sired a masterpiece or a mediocrity until the work emerged from the last of its many firings.



ASENATH AND HER SONS

Ten failures were forgotten in one success when, removing the work from the crucible for the last time, the enamelers tremulously watched it cool from red heat to deep blues, somber violets and subtle lilacs—surfaced over with the pure, unbroken glaze of perfect fusion.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

THE DRUNKENNESS OF NOAH

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The so-called late Limoges style of enameling has become virtually a lost art. The simpler *cloisonné* and *champleve* processes are still utilized today, but few patrons exist to encourage, fewer craftsmen to perpetuate, the painstaking art of surface-painted enameling.

A NOTE ON HANDEL

THE MAN WHO COMPOSED THE "MESSIAH" HAD AS MANY HUMAN FOIBLES AS THE NEXT ONE



Handel was the Jerome Kern of his day. In the 1720's he wrote one London success, sometimes two, every season. He intended that his music should please the public and it did. Fashionables jammed the pit and the galleries. The King brought his mistresses and lolled between them in a private box. Beaus tapped their snuff boxes in time with the kettledrums. Debutantes who forced their way into the house actually fainted from the heat and closeness.

Great ladies jostled flower girls at the stage door to glimpse the latest castrato. Noble lords fought duels over the morals of prime donne. Admittance to the stage was allowed for one guinea.

The center of this hubbub was Handel, who not only composed the music, but conducted. Duchesses tumbled over one another to get him to their houses and swooned when he touched a harpsichord. He lived with the nobility and, wherever he went, heard his tunes served up in restaurants, whistled in the streets, plugged in pleasure gardens, danced in private ballrooms. They were pub-

lished, pirated, and sold throughout Europe.

These were profitable days while they lasted. If he was rushed, Handel would lift a few of his early songs, or those of some other composer, deck them out with new lyrics, and put them in a new opera. Occasionally, he made a complete patchwork quilt of back numbers, and no one knew the difference. If he had time, however, he could strike off brand new music, as he wrote quickly and easily. No matter which he did, it was a success.

When the fashion changed, Handel was momentarily at a loss. Then he stumbled onto the oratorio, and continued in a blaze of glory until his death. It was actually the Bishop of London, grumbling as usual about a sacrilege, that brought it about. Handel conceived the plan of putting the story of Esther to music and producing it as an opera. The sacerdotal ire was roused: "What are we coming to, when the will of Satan is imposed upon us in this fashion—putting Biblical characters on the iniquitous stage?" The performance was duly banned.

Handel proceeded to put one over on the bishop. He had his music performed at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket without costume, scenery, or action. The Royal Family attended in state. Thus the first English oratorio was a success, and oratorios have continued to be performed without action to our day.

In this work Handel discovered the power of the chorus. He proved his ability to use this new element, which was not present in Italian opera; and it was his employment of the chorus, so dear to the English ear, that was to make him forever famous. He wrote more and more oratorios with bigger and better choirs.

The Messiah, of course, caps them all. When Handel received the text he was down and out, financially ruined, forgotten by the Court. His friends were deserting him. His health was giving way. In a last desperate effort he penned the whole score in twenty-two days. When he finished the Hallelujah Chorus, his servant found him with tears in his eyes, gazing into space. "I did think I did see all Heaven before me," he said, "and the Great God Himself."

The initial performance in Dublin and the Foundling Hospital performances in London established the Messiah as the public's all-time favorite. To make room in the concert-hall, ladies were requested to leave their hoops behind and gentlemen, their swords. They were packed in, time and time again. Great was the joy:

it was in English, not Italian. All could understand.

With it, Handel became an institution. He wrote the Coronation Anthems, Royal Birthday Odes, Wedding and Funeral Hymns, *Te Deums*, and "Fireworks" music. He was Composer of Musick to the Chapel Royal, Composer to the Court, and most favored of the Muse. The English forgot that he was a foreigner.

Handel's position in life was, for a musician in the eighteenth century, both honorable and enviable. He was widely traveled early in life, acquainted with the practice of his art in such divergent centers as Berlin, Hamburg, London, and the Italian cities of Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples. He received an excellent education, was famous in his home town at sixteen, and within a year became organist at the Hallé Cathedral.

Accustomed from childhood to associate with princes, Handel thoroughly understood how to assert his own dignity while rendering all possible deference to that of the noble personages whom he met. He knew, too, how to have his way.

It is true that, engaging as he did in the entertainment business, he took large risks and frequently lost. Twice he was bankrupt and once he had to submit to the indignity of having a benefit concert given to pay his debts. But he never starved like Schubert and Mozart. He was never obscured nor ignored.

The only important thing he did

not get out of life was a woman. His music attracted many to him, and he enjoyed a battle with a shrewd female opponent. Twice he gave in and made offers of marriage. On both occasions he was told he must give up his music. Women of quality didn't marry "stray fiddlers." His decision was immediate. Art was to be his wife and his mistress. And in a society buzzing with tittle-tattle, not one line of scandal was ever recorded against him.

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Handel became accepted by easy stages, as a bachelor, sexless, safe. He settled finally into the company of those lonely men, never born for the love of a woman.

Doctor Burney, who played in his orchestra, described his general look as "somewhat heavy and sour; but, if he did smile, it was like the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was then a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and humor."

Handel wore an enormous white wig and when things went well at rehearsals, it had a certain vibration, which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without the vibration, observers were certain he was in bad humor.

Stories about him are legion. The fanciful Water Music and Harmonious Blacksmith legends, unfortunately, are untrue. But he knew how to handle singers. When Cuzzoni, the famous soprano, refused to sing an aria he had written, he seized her and carried her to the window, saying:

"Madam, I know you are a very shedevil; but I will have you know that I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils." She sang.

Another singer found fault with his method of accompanying, threatening to jump from the stage onto the harpsichord and smash it if Handel didn't change.

"Oh," said Handel, "you will jump, will you? Then let me know when you will jump and I will advertise it in the bills, and I will get more people to see you jump than to hear you sing."

He was a good loser. Burney heard him say when the house was empty: "Never mind, the music will sound better."

He always spoke English with a thick accent. Once he drove to his librettist's house at five in the morning and bellowed up from the street: "What de debil means de vord billow?" He was told. "Oh, de vave! Ya! Ya!" and he drove away muttering to himself.

Handel was extremely sensitive to sound and could not tolerate the tuning of the orchestra, which was, therefore, finished before he arrived at the theatre.

A practical joker one evening untuned all the instruments. The Prince of Wales arrived and Handel gave the signal to begin con spirito. Such a discord arose, that the enraged conductor started from his seat, seized a kettledrum, threw it at the leader of the orchestra and lost his wig.

He was blunt and peremptory in discipline and insisted on every player and spectator being on time at his concerts. He would never tolerate any infraction of his dignity by royalty and had no respect for them as such. Within his province, he was king, and no one forgot it.

It is a cause for wonderment that Handel could live in a world of intrigue and jealousy and commercialism and, at the same time, maintain his earnestness of purpose and enthusiasm for his art. It is true that he made quite different uses of his talent than did Bach, but one must consider how different were the circumstances of his life.

With Bach, the music in his own mind was more important than any performance. With Handel, the performance came first. He was intent on selling lickets. He wrote for his public.

Handel, in his operas, was essentially a man of his own times. That is why so much of his music now collects dust.

It is a storehouse of noble airs, beautifully adorned, but dated. Within the limits of its style, it covers the whole gamut of emotions: love, fear, mourning, joy, hate, revenge. Handel could write delicate love songs and somber funeral marches, light-hearted suites and melodies like *Largo* that will carry his name to the end of time. But no music could be less intimate, less subtle, less personal than his.

Bach's Passion, as some one has aptly said, "is a religious service. Handel's Messiah is a sermon."

-CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 45-46

1. Acadia. 2. Bluebeard. 3. Catiline. 4. Troy. 5. Ambrosia. 6. Virginia.7. Bank of England. 8. Independence Hall. 9. John Greenleaf Whittier. 10. The Æneid. 11. Utopia. 12. Wellington. 13. The Bourse. 14. Thor. 15. Albion. 16. King Cole. 17. The northern coast of South America. 18. Cockney. 19. Defeating the British in the Battle of Lake Erie. 20. Opening Japan to foreign trade. 21. Hippocrates of Cos. 22. Order of the Garter. 23. Venice. 24. Lombard Street. 25. The Appian Way. 26. Richelieu. 27. George Washington. 28. Mississippi.

29. Abyla and Calpe. 30. A university; Paris. 31. "Eureka" (I have found it!) 32. Thomas J. Jackson. 33. Caledonia. 34. Bismarck. 35. The Alexandrian Library. 36. Rome. 37. Attilla, King of the Huns. 38. Bigoted, braggart patriotism. 39. York and Lancaster. 40. Plato's disciples. 41. Cincinnati. 42. A petition with signatures in circular form. 43. The Colossus. 44. Cuba. 45. The Adorable. 46. The Kohinoor. 47. A series of orations by Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon. 48. Congressional Library: Washington. 49. The Kremlin. 50. Lares and Penates.

LO, THE BUSY BEES

THEY ALWAYS DID "IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR," AND NOW THEY'RE WORKING OVERTIME



The traits and characteristics of bees are believed to have remained unchanged since the beginning of history. These insects, by virtue of their intelligence, their elaborate organization, their defensive powers and their gift of honey to man were objects of primitive reverence; they represented fertility, birth, death and reincarnation. Nearly 4,000 years before Christ the bee was the symbol of an Egyptian king. In such highly civilized countries as England and France queer superstitions about bees still survive.

The reader will probably be startled to learn that of the 12,000 varieties of bees, only four gather honey. Members of the remaining 11,996 varieties flit about in the sunshine enjoying themselves and take no heed for the morrow. Yet such is the industry of the four honey-gathering kinds that they make up for the irresponsibility of the play-bees.

An authoritative state on a corporative basis was evolved by bees while men were still dressing in skins and leading lives of rugged individualism. Today's hive, with its queen and drones and workers, follows an ancient tradition. The intelligence of the little insects was demonstrated anew in tests by Dr. Frank E. Lutz of the American Museum of Natural History. He placed sugar water in a bees' cage with a sloping trap door that could be pushed open from the inside only. Some of the bees left on the outside kept a watch until comrades emerged and then slid deftly in while the door was still up; others solved the problem of entrance by turning a somersault, thus lifting the door and rolling in upside down.

Though bees have retained their original characteristics so long and so completely, ingenious man has been endeavoring to change them by artificial means of late years. Dr. Lloyd R. Watson of Alfred University found that the tongues of honeybees are not normally long enough to reach the nectaries of red clover, one of the most important of agricultural crops, which must consequently depend for pollination on the random visits of a few moths and bumblebees. Dr. Watson was given a Guggenheim Fellowship to enable him to breed a new

race of honeybees. In the past, selective breeding of bees has not been possible because of the refusal of the queen bee to mate except on the wing in the air. But Dr. Watson claims to have perfected a method of artificial insemination which will make it possible to breed bees as cattle are bred for desirable characteristics.

Nature went to infinite pains to provide the bee's sting, and now Dr. Watson hopes to take it away by shooting radium rays through queen bees. He believes that the hives of the nation may be made safe by 1940. "We may have to try as many as 10,000 times," he explained, speaking for himself and his assistants, "but by irradiating every fertile bee that comes through our laboratory, we hope sooner or later to stumble across stingless offspring." A New Jersey apiarist, Henry Brown, spent six years in patiently crossbreeding and inbreeding bees, finally produced a docile variety which, though equipped with stingers, will not use them unless pinched or otherwise abused.

A bee sting is one of the most effective and complicated weapons in nature. To use it, a bee has to bring no less than twenty-two muscles into action, as the act involves three separate sets of movements in the sting mechanism. The first accomplishes the outward thrust of the stinging shaft, the second the depression of the shaft and the third the movements of the lancets on the stylet of the sting which drive it farther and farther into

the victim's flesh. Unlike honeybees, which lose their stings in the first stinging, bumblebees can sting repeatedly. Some species are pugnacious and go into action even though not molested. The variety of bumblebee known as *Bombus fervidus* can sting a mouse to death and render a man so limp that he has to take to his bed.

Fortunately for the human race. bee venom has beneficial as well as harmful qualities. As a therapeutic agent it is still in its infancy, according to a medical journal, despite its increased use both here and abroad of recent years. Many British medicos expressed alarm at the loose way in which cobra venom has been used; bee venom has the advantage of being less poisonous. Twenty years ago August Halgren started a bee farm near Duluth, Minnesota, because he had heard that his rheumatism might be cured by bee stings. So satisfactory was the treatment to him that he now maintains 157 beehives and furnishes free of charge to all comers sufficient stings to cure their rheumatic pains. News of the method spread to the Antipodes; a resident of Auckland, New Zealand, is taking a course of bee stings for his rheumatism. Dr. Franz Kretschy of Vienna, his own rheumatism cured by a course of 780 stings, is now breeding bigger and more venomous bees. When anaesthetized they eject their poison without losing their stings. The product is injected into the patient's blood. A contribution of the honeybee brought

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partial or complete relief to thirtythree sufferers from hay fever at the William Beaumont General Hospital in El Paso, Texas, last year. Captain George D. McGrew of the Army Medical Corps and his coworkers found that some hay fever victims received varying degrees of relief from symptoms by the eating of honey produced in their vicinity, and particularly from the chewing of the comb wax. It was reasonable to infer from this that the benefit received was probably from the oral extraction of the pollen in the honey and wax. Using the bee observations as a background, the army physicians soaked left-over pollen, from sets employed in the diagnosis of hav fever in previous years, in a solution of table salt, sugar and alcohol. The patients swallowed from one to ten drops of the extract daily according to the amount necessary to obtain relief.

An interesting modern development is the shipping of bees from one section of the country to another, by which process honey production and pollination are greatly stimulated. Cottonwood, though one of California's smallest towns, is the largest bee shipping center in the world. Approximately 50,000 pounds of live bees are shipped from there annually. An apiarist of Pembroke, New York, keeps his bees busy all the year round. Last spring he returned from Florida with 480 colonies of bees, part of 1,200 colonies which he regularly winters in Southern orange groves.

Large apiaries of 200 or more colonies are moved by motortrucks from point to point in California as frequently as five times a year in order to give the bees access to fresh blossoms. The first harvest is furnished by the citrus bloom; then come the northern sages, and later the alfalfa and cotton fields of the San Joaquin Valley.

From early spring until late fall, queen bees with their attendants leave the little town of Medina, near Akron, Ohio, every year. Shipments are made by express with food for the colony contained so as to obviate the necessity of opening the boxes while in transit. The president of the company which supplies the bees, E. R. Root, was originally a manufacturing jeweler. One day in the early 80's, while standing in front of his store, he saw a swarm of bees hovering over the building. A bystander offered to collect them for the sum of one dollar. Mr. Root accepted the offer, and with the swarm started an apiary which has since grown to 2,000 hives. Unable to find any literature locally on bee keeping, Mr. Root made a special journey by stagecoach to Cleveland. In a secondhand store there he dug out a book on the subject. Later the company branched into the manufacture of pure beeswax candles, which are said to burn with less smoke than other candles, to withstand greater heat without melting and to emit a pleasant odor while -REX HUNTER burning.

FINGER SURGERY

HOPE FOR THE DEAF LIES IN AN INSTRUMENT MORE DELICATE THAN ANY DEVISED BY MAN



EAFNESS was the problem that Cecil Paul Snyder, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, accepted as his life's work when he was still a young physician. Soon after entering practice he realized that at least five out of every hundred people suffer to some extent from this affliction, six and a half million in this country. His sympathies were aroused as he noted their lack of physical and emotional balance, their periods of nausea and their lack of normal social adjustment: he learned of their struggle against incessant head noises, with whistlings, roarings, and ringings like the tongues of mocking devils. The deaf were formerly classed as imbeciles, and were debarred from ordinary vocational and avocational pursuits. The miserable conditions of these unfortunates challenged his professional instincts.

He knew that 95 per cent of catarrhal deafness should be amenable to treatment if caught in its early stages. He knew that this inflammatory process accounted for 80 per cent of all loss of hearing, yet the cause of this widespread mental, phys-

ical, and economic suffering was bafflingly simple. Deafness had followed on the heels of all of the acute infections—measles, scarlet fever, and influenza heading the list, while colds accounted for countless thousands of cases.

Most infections enter the body through the nose and throat, and nature in her wisdom has provided outposts to protect these salient points. Even slight infections of the nasopharynx cause the mucous glands to empty upon the invading organism, and the tonsillar tissues manned by the body's defenders swell in their effort to hold back the invader. The infection spreads like wildfire by continuity of tissue, but as long as the vascular and nervous supply to the naso-pharynx is intact, and as long as the muscles are able to milk the tonsillar tissues of their poisons, infection will be held in abeyance until it has passed these first lines of defense or the body has called in its protective mechanisms.

Violent blowing of the nose forces virulent organisms past all the barriers that nature has provided, and drives them into the eustachian tubes where the ear becomes an easy prey. Those who thus blatantly ignore nature must pay her price with acute otitis media and mastoid infections. The external ear, consisting of the auricle and the auditory canal, may be damaged by blows, foreign bodies, and explosions to such an extent that hearing will be impaired.

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The eustachian tube is a safety valve for the ear, and is open only during the acts of yawning, sneezing, and swallowing. Its mucous membrane lining is of a special type, containing many microscopic fingers and mucous glands near the naso-pharynx, to provide further protection to the inner ear. Obstruction of this small tube results in the absorption of air in the middle ear with a retraction of the ear drum and the immobilization of the ossicles.

Once an infection has leapt the ear's moat of mucous glands and stormed the bastions of tonsil tissue, the pass is won, and the middle ear and its ossicles fall a prey to the invader. Nature, in protecting the ear from infection, has made inspection and treatment of this extremely delicate mechanism almost prohibitive to surgery. When damage has once been done to the labyrinth and semicircular canals inside of their bony armor, science fights a losing battle to restore hearing, for this is a sanctum sanctorum of the body. Treatment, then, must be immediate for relief of the congestion in the middle ear.

For years, Snyder had followed the time honored practice of insufflation for the relief of catarrhal deafness. Either with the politzer bag or the catheter, he had forced air through the eustachian tube. Recoveries were temporary and never certain. The lack of permanent success aroused his questioning. Was he not blowing the infection back past nature's defenses? Was the wholesale butchery of the tonsillar tissue justified? He had found the tonsils large, inflamed, cryptic, and with pus. They had come out by thousands, not alone for deafness, but for nearly every other ailment as well. They had come out in pieces, in toto, and with their pillars, by burning, coagulation, and cutting. They had been removed by local anesthesia, under general anesthesia, and by mistake without any anesthesia. There had been bloodless tonsilectomies, and hemorrhages from which the patient died.

The results had been astonishing. Voices had been lost or shifted on the scale. Swallowing for some patients had become all but impossible due to the formation of the strictures resulting from scar tissue. Normal salivation had been impaired. Hearing had been improved, left the same, or made worse, and some patients had experienced a new lease on life while others' symptoms had become aggravated. The post nasal drip that so tormented the deaf too frequently continued in spite of this painful bloody surgery. Could it be that he

had done but half the job? Was he robbing his patients of part of their defense mechanisms and sending them back to the world as throat cripples? Convinced that surgery had fallen short, he set about to rectify his errors.

Cadaveric surgery convinced Dr. Snyder that the opening of the eustachian tube was accessible to his finger, not through the nose where the silver catheters glide, but through the mouth, up in back of the soft palate. Treatment of this part with the finger, instead of the infection blowing catheters—this was a revolution in thought, and earned for him the ridicule of his associates. The finger, he reasoned, a far more delicate and flexible instrument than any devised by man, could be utilized to greater advantage directly against these parts. He must literally see through his finger tips. His technique requires infinite skill and knowledge of the parts. His fingers must be as sensitive and strong as Kreisler's and capable of watch-like precision.

To the amusement of his colleagues, he called it "Finger Surgery." However, it was to prove a blessing to thousands of those unfortunates seeking his aid. Under anesthesia, or without it, as the case might dictate, he manipulated the eustachian tube and tissues. Lights and heat followed his fingers into these delicate areas. On repeated visits, his fingers would gently reconstruct the damaged parts, sculptoring out the normal contour from the mass of inflamed tissues. This

skillful massage of mucous and lymphoid tissues removed necrotic masses and restored the normal blood and nerve supply. In most cases the auditory response was amazing. After the first treatment, the hearing of many of his patients would show perceptible improvement. No longer would they have to watch his lips to carry on a conversation. But this was not all! Those who received Dr. Snyder's treatment regained health like rejuvenated plants. The post nasal drip, the gastric distress, the roaring in their heads, the periods of dizziness subsided, and the hearing was permanently improved. They could now take their place amid society's perplexing problems and accept the challenge offered them by life.

Scoffed at as a crank, Dr. Snyder went ahead and proved the validity of his statements, proved it with thousands of earnest men and women, proved it to hundreds of doctors who but a short time before had ridiculed him. Men who laughed at his teachings are today practicing his technique, for now those who suffer from middle ear deafness whether they live in England, on the Continent, or here in the United States, can find men trained by Snyder. It is now possible for countless thousands of deafened persons to have positive assurance of hope that they can regain all or part of their lost hearing by availing themselves of Dr. Snyder's technique of Finger Surgery.

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-Dr. HENRY GEORGE III

BOTTLED ROMANCE

LAST BARRIER TO A 100% PERFUMED WORLD IS THE RUGGED AMERICAN MALE



There still may be Victorian mothers who watch, with wonder and alarm, while their daughters get ready for an evening of innocent fun by dousing chin and hair with "Passion's Hour," "Forbidden Moment," or some other brand of kiss-me-quick about whose ultimate purpose there seems to be little doubt. But if so, such viewing-with-alarm may well cease. The use of perfume has become much too widespread to be regarded as sinful. Most women now accept it as an everyday essential to good grooming.

Just what is there about perfume to make women ready to give up their lunch money to have it? Frankly, the idea is that it is the same magic by which deer draw the bucks to their sides, and the gentleman alligator becomes alluring to the lady alligator. The scientific word is "aphrodisiac," the everyday word is "sex-appeal," and the copywriter's word is "romance."

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One brand of this bottled romance "gives one that joyous consciousness of being a lively, desirable—and desired—woman!" Another is "a clinging, ardor-awakening fragrance,"

these priceless drops are "for headlong romance," and that seductive essence is "a heady, worldly fragrance that will lead you into trouble—if you let it." Here are names, and who shall misunderstand their significance: Indiscret, L'Aimant, Burning Night, Call to Arms, My Sin. Incidentally, there are already 150,000 perfume names registered, ranging in suggestiveness all the way from those which you might consider as a present for the president of the W.C.T.U. to an outright invitation to an assignation.

A few years ago, some master of advertising evolved the idea of perfumes to match the personality, an inspiration still being exploited with great success. Mannikins parade before the clients of smart stores while experts explain the affinity between each model and her chosen scent. A newer trick is the perfume bar, complete with brass rail, behind which a maestro mixes various ingredients experimentally until he finds one exactly suited to his customer. And how a woman loves the thought of a perfume which interprets herself alone!

"Perfume to match the personal-

ity," however, had its limitations, since it implied only one perfume for each woman. Hence the creation of "perfumes to match the mood." "Each emotional mood," proclaimed the advertisements, "finds its counterpart in a liquid." Perfume may, indeed, "be whimsical," "sulen," "dangerous," "naughty," or it may be "festive," "military," "witty and modern-minded." And it may even "arouse to anger."

If there is one sour note in this paean of successful merchandising, it is the American man. The well dressed male of France, Italy, Spain and South America fearlessly douses perfumes on his handkerchief, and even the stalwart Englishman indulges; but the average American would rather be accused of forgery than to have it said of him that he uses perfume.

Manufacturers have tried to break down this resistance by flank attacks. They have devised perfumes with all kinds of masculine overtones-the scent of leather, of Scotch, mint, and of new mown hay. They have put these in severely masculine bottles and packages and have tried, in their advertising, to associate them with the dress accessories of the strong, silent man. As one advertiser insists, his product "smells not of pansy but of fern." All to no purpose so far. The only hope for the future seems to be that men do use perfume, if it is disguised in soap, hair tonic, shaving lotion, eau de Cologne, or lavender water. Slight as is the promise, the perfumers still hope that these trickles of scent may prove to be just the first little leak that will eventually undermine the dam of manly opposition.

Manufacturers for some time have been aware of the general rediscovery of the nose, and we may expect the gradual perfuming of the thousand and one objects of daily use. Among many innovations on the market a scented lacquer for dressing table drawers, and a final perfume rinse for the laundry, may be cited at random. It is not generally realized that cigarette tobacco is commonly sprayed with a solution containing rum, vanilla, coumarin, geranium and other exotic flavors designed to improve not the smoke but the smell of the cigarette before you light it. Faintly perfumed stockings, millinery, rubber goods, and other materials outsell unscented merchandise, and we anticipate cans and packages for foods that impart the aroma of their contents. A great field, hardly touched at present, is the perfuming of conditioned air in theatres, shops, and homes. And if a recent patent is made use of, cars may be propelled by perfumed gas. These are but hasty glances at the whole new science of fragrance.

The perfumed battle line advances in all directions. We may look forward to the time when our fair land far outdistances the spicy East—when life will be one great bouquet of cl-factory delights.

-MARY DAY WINN

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THE NAVEL AMETHYST

EVER SINCE DIONYSIUS GOT STUNG, A GEM HAS BEEN A CHARM AGAINST THE OFT-BENDED ARM



I amethyst in your navel, you might astound the most jaded globe trotter who thinks he has seen everything. You might even pep up the jewelry business, but you wouldn't start a new style—for centuries and centuries ago it was believed that the human navel thus adorned protected the wearer from o'er much indulgence in drinking, and acted as a safeguard against the unpleasantness caused by the drunkenness of others.

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Old legends claim that one Dionysius had looked far too long upon the wine when it was red. This so upset his usual chivalrous code of ethics, that when his attention was attracted to a charming girl, he made up his mind at once that willy-nilly, whether she would or wouldn't, he would have her for his own.

But the charming girl fled in terror from his advances, Dionysius stumbling after her in hot pursuit. Fleet as she was, she could not elude him, and at last took refuge in a deep forest. The girl's strength was waning. Dionysius was approaching. In desperation she prayed to the goddess Diana to pro-

tect her from this loathsome lover.

Dionysius feared neither gods nor goddesses, and stretched forth a gloating hand to capture his prize. He had only just caught the tip of one small finger, when suddenly there appeared an irate Diana, who forthwith changed the girl into a statue of amethyst.

Shocked into sobriety by the sight, Dionysius withdrew his hand, which however, still held the tip of one amethyst finger which he had broken in his amazement.

Placing the gem within the safety of his navel, he vowed perpetual freedom from the sway of Bacchus. When the happenings were known, navel amethysts became very fashionable. When worn by men they preserved the wearer from that bad feeling in the morning after the night before, and when adorning the feminine navel, the chastity of the lady was safe from the drunken assaults of man.

So strong was this belief that, among the superstitions clinging to precious stones, the amethyst is still thought to be a safeguard against a too generous imbibing of the flowing bowl.

-EDNA S. SOLLARS

HOW TO TALK HORSE

ASSORTED WAYS AND MEANS OF PRIMING THE EQUESTRIAN EXPERT'S CONVERSATIONAL PUMP



Do you know anything about horses? Perhaps you resemble the luckless fellow who, driven into a conversational corner when asked to name his favorite sport, replied, "I shoot." "Shoot what?" his horsy host inquired. "Horses," he answered simply.

Nevertheless, and however much you may loathe the subject, the time will come when you'll have to talk horse or remain silent, and silence is not regarded as a golden quality in a dinner guest.

Now there are horse people and horse people, so that when first you find yourself defenseless among them it will be safest to commence with the general, moving to the particular only when you have tested the mettle of your antagonist. A steeplechase rider once found himself in a group of trotting horse people. He preserved a modest silence until one of the company attempted to draw him out. "Know anything about horses, son?" the trotting man asked.

"A little," my friend replied. "I ride jumping races whenever I can get the chance."

An expression of pained incredulity

crossed the trotting man's face. "Oh," he said disgustedly. "I thought you might be a horseman." This should give you a rough idea of the pitfalls to be encountered.

It is true that upon occasion there is virtue in iconoclasm. If you are very sure of your ground, you may venture at a polo dinner to observe that most polo players are poor riders, horseruiners in fact. You'll have hit upon a good subject, and, if you can weather the ensuing holocaust, you are somewhat better than a good man. Otherwise, leave it alone.

Do not, then, should you find your-self through some ill chance in attendance at the annual dinner of the Heartbreak Hollow Fox Hunting Club, disclose the fact of your membership in the A. S. P. C. A. nor go on to expound upon the cruelty of pursuing the red fox with hounds. To the hunting man the fox is vermin, and the fact that he will go to any length and spend large sums of time and money to preserve this vermin from extermination at the hands of gunners or trappers or, indeed, of any agency save the pack of hounds to which he

subscribes, is one of those allowable inconsistencies which will not stand much probing by you.

Almost inevitably it will befall you to find yourself surrounded by horse show exhibitors. The thing to watch here is the peril of making any chance remark upon the uselessness, the futility of the sport. (Nothing is futile that provides fun for the participant, but it takes some of us a long time to learn this.) If you really want to break up the party, tell your host that a show ring hunter is worthless across a fair hunting country. Say this in clear, ringing tones and then dash for your car.

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If it can possibly be managed, eschew the company of breeders. These are the classicists among horsemen and their domain the upper reaches of equine esoterica. I cannot supply a list of don'ts here, save to say that if your dinner partner turns out to be the proprietor of a stud farm in Kentucky or Virginia, refrain from opening your mouth until you've taken careful thought. He'll ask you, of course, if you are interested in breeding, and your best move here will be to reply, "Yes, very much," and then go on quickly, before he can catch you out, to ask a question of him. A good one is: "How much acreage, in pasture, do you estimate will sustain a mare and foal?" or "What do you think of the Laughlin system of selective breeding?" As no two people have ever agreed on the first question and as Dr. Laughlin alone knows enough about his system to explain it, you

should be fairly safe here and in a position to doze peacefully for the next forty-five minutes while the explanation goes on.

There is an argot more or less common to horsemen, familiarity with which may stand you in good stead; but beware of employing it incorrectly. Racing men, for example, often refer more or less affectionately to a given horse as "that pig" or "that thing." These terms may or may not imply disgust or contempt, so that it is necessary to develop an acute ear for fine inflections of speech before taking anything for granted. And do not, I beg of you, refer to anyone's top polo pony or hunter as "that pig," however laudatory your intention.

An obstacle to be negotiated is, with one exception, never a "hurdle." It is a "fence" or a "jump." Hurdle racing, in contradistinction to steeple-chasing, is conducted over sheep-hurdle fences, slanted slightly away from the approaching horses and more or less gaily bedecked with handfuls of tired twigs. These may, if you like, be called what they are: "hurdles"; but it is safer to use "jump" or "fence" for everything.

Foxhounds are always "hounds" and never "dogs." They are counted in couples (pronounced couple) as: "He was out with fourteen and a half couple of Maryland Blue Ticks." This means twenty-nine hounds. Foxes are counted in braces (pronounced brace) as: "They killed eight brace last season." Catch on?

Among hunting people neither fox, hound nor horse ever turns to right or left. They turn "right handed" or "left handed." For example: "Hounds swung right handed across Delchester and on over to Eckert's where they marked him to ground." The "him" refers to the fortunate reynard, safe in his earth.

Oftentimes your host, after dinner, will conduct you to the stables where a disgruntled groom or headman will parade horse after horse for your inspection. Here a hasty or ill chosen phrase may destroy you. Do not, as did a friend of mine, adopt a stock comment, pronounce it in tones of ecstatic praise and then subside, inarticulate, into social oblivion. My friend's ignorant device was to cry "What wonderful withers!" and to this day he is unaware of what caused the bottom to fall out of his bond business.

You will be wise to say as little as possible, to listen for cues and to keep your criticisms on the favorable side. A few useful comments are: "A nice top line"; "Great quartered horse"; "Got a great front on him"; "Like to have a barnful like him." First memorize these and then practice grunting them (if that can be done), maintaining no regard whatever for grammar or elegance of delivery. As most owners regard their horses as perfect examples of their type, it will not be difficult for you to escape discovery, just so long as your remarks are laudatory and delivered with terse assurance.

Horsemen, as a general rule, are

strong and silent only when in the company of normal people. Thrown together, they are loquacious in the extreme and, bearing this in mind, you may ordinarily save your skin with a single, well-placed query. Ask the show exhibitor what he thinks of the judging at Devon this year. His answer should last out the hour if you toss in a few sympathetic "quite rights" and "I thoroughly agrees" from time to time. Of the hunting man vou may inquire—after first ascertaining the name of his home country-if it is true that one needs a big-jumping (note hyphen) horse to get over it safely, if at all, (You'll soon know every line fence and barnyard gate in the county by name.) Of the racing man, inquire the identity of the best horse he's ever owned and then ask for a brief account of his record. This will carry you far into the night.

Ask a polo player his handicap. If he's any good he'll consume a lot of time telling you why it is too high, if not, vice versa. (Good for about thirty minutes either way.) The breeder, as I have indicated, may offer complications, but if you can get him started on blood lines your battle is won.

A final word of caution. Never, and I mean never, open your conversation brightly with "Oh, Mr. Smathers, I understand that you love horseback riding. Do tell me all about it." No horseman, be he worthy or unworthy of the name, ever "goes horseback riding" and it is just as well for you to know it now.

—STUART ROSE



MORNINGS BECOME ELECTRIC

The Saga of Electric Shaving

For nineteen years the world had been offered electric and mechanical dry shavers. But few were sold. Then, in 1936, Packard Lektro-Shaver entered the field. Nine months later it reached a production peak of 13,900 a day. An old shaving gadget had become a new shaving gospel, and an industry was born... Twelve brands were being made this January. Now twenty-five or more clamor for your attention. The common sense of electric shaving is in the air. This year you, too, will probably buy — and help to form the \$100,000,000 of expected sales. When you choose, we suggest face-comparison-shopping. Shave different parts of your face with two or three leading brands at your favorite store. We are confident of the verdict because 20% of those now buying Packard Lektro-Shavers previously owned other makes, and write of their preference for ours. Packard Lektro-Shaver is sold everywhere at \$15.00.

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER



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With this, the twelfth issue, CORONET has completed its first year. A year has been time enough to establish this little magazine as one of the four big circulation successes of the past decade. (Esquire, Life and Look are the other three, in case you'd rather have us point.) But a year has not been anywhere near time enough for Coronet to achieve its maturity. The magazine has had growing pains all through this first year, and will undoubtedly continue to have them throughout the year to come. With the next issue, for example, will come a complete change in the method of binding, permitting a more flexible arrangement of the magazine's different types of editorial content. With the issue after that we will introduce an improvement in the paper, calculated to reduce glare on the page and to enhance the legibility of the type. Thus it goes, and will continue, issue by issue as we try to keep working towards a better magazine.

Far from perfect as we know it to be, we contemplate with mixed feelings the record of its startling success to date. For we find that even in this first year of its awkward infancy Coronet has not only outsold every other magazine at its price, but issue for issue has actually sold more copies on the newsstands than the nation's leading news weekly, which sells for less than half the price of Coronet and which had a thirteen year head-startin the race for popular acceptance!

Yet we still meet people every day who still ask us the one question that never fails to raise our ire like the touch of a match to a skyrocket. Concerning Coroner, they ask of us, "What is it?" While we stifle the impulse to throw things, we answer "Why it's a magazine." And then they look either puzzled or hurt. Sometimes they say "Oh," in a manner plainly indicating that they consider this straightforward answer to be trickily evasive. And sometimes they say, "Yes, I know it's a magazine, but what is it?" At this point we are always led away screaming.

Perhaps this is just one of the growing pains. Perhaps we'll outgrow this painful phase of a young magazine's existence. But meanwhile we'd like at least to emit a loud yell for help. Do you know "what is it?" Can you answer this persistent question? What is CORONET?

It isn't awfully important, one way or the other. Perhaps there's no point in our trying to define or describe it. Maybe it's like love, that can't be described but must be experienced to be fully understood. But we wish you'd have a try at it, just the same. And to make the proposition sporting, here's what we'll do. We'll print, as a regular feature article in an early issue, the best letter answering this admittedly stupid question, "What is CORONET?" And we'll pay for it, too, at a special "semipro" rate. We'll pay one hundred dollars for the best letter.

VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

Interesting facts about Dr. J. B. Rhine, author of Farrar and Rinehart's New Frontiers of the Mind which is the Book-of-the Month Club's selection for October: he has taught plant physiology, worked under Dr. William McDougall at Duke University in the field of extra-sensory perception which deals with clairvoyance and telepathy, is married to a woman interested in his line of work who helps him do special research, loves orchestral music and looks like Abraham Lincoln.

Ogilvie Sisters are fascinated by a customer who appears irregularly at a branch shop they maintain for men who are worried about their hair. He orders his treatment Tenth Avenue argot and sits sturdily in the waiting room between a couple of shrinking brokers. He is a truck driver with beautiful blond hair and parks his truck around the corner when he comes up for a hot oil.

Mark Cross can keep its face straight when it tells you that one of its fall features will be billfolds and purses of unscared penguin. They have the word of Admiral Byrd that a penguin captured in a bad frame of mind yields an indifferent pocketbook. Mark Cross's supply was all lured with soft words, you have their promise.

How do you know you can't write?

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED! HAVE YOU EVER ATTEMPTED EVEN THE LEAST BIT OF TRAINING, UNDER COMPETENT GUIDANCE!

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken all of a sudden, to the discovery. "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is in dividually corrected and con structively criticized.

A chance to test yourself

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

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VARIETY SHOW & CURIOSITY SHOP

Into the Fifth Avenue establishment of Técla pearls at least once a a day comes a glowing citizen who has just had oysters on the half shell. He bears what he is sure is his fortune. But Técla regrets to report that not once in the thirty-seven years of its business experience has anyone come in with a pearl of great price.

* * *

Skeptics with a gluttony for detail sometimes bother H. J. Heinz and Co. as to whether there are really 57 varieties. Heinz always comes back with an affirmative and a list to prove it. Through all the years the company has used the numeral it made famous they have never gone above or below 57 products. If they add one, they subtract one, or bracket it with a similar one. They'll never drop dried horseradish, though, for that's the first one they started with.

* * *

Ladies who drop into Helena Rubinstein's New York salon for a milk bath or vitamin cocktail at the Health Bar can combine contours with culture in the most satisfying way. Scattered through the seven floors of Madame Rubinstein's palatial edifice are some of the best and most representative works of dozens of artists of the modern schools.

Her first floor murals are by Chirico, and Maryla Lednicka has contributed

an exquisite bas-relief. The Hall of Women on the second floor has interesting studies of women of all nations, notably those by Malvina Hoffman and Covarrubias, while the Zurich Room has Max Ernst, Horace Titus and Fernand Leger. Figures by Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, Pascin, Dufy and Maillol adorn the Body Floor, while the face and hair departments are full of heads by Cezanne, Derain, Laurencin, Renoir, Kisling, Picasso and Nadelman.

* * *

In the hushed salons of the Knoedler Galleries in New York, where art lovers walk on deep carpets to view canvases from America and abroad, the shrewd eyes of an old man look down from one of the walls. Interested customers are told that the portrait is that of General Simon Kenton, whose name belongs with those of Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, but seldom gets there.

Simon Kenton was one of the wiliest and sturdiest scouts in the Alleghanies in the days of the Revolution. His life story reads like a Fenimore Cooper novel, but winds up on a note of pathos, for most of his lands were taken from him because of his ignorance of law and he was almost laughed out of the state legislature when he came to ask for a pension until someone recognized him.

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Well, they're out of the way!

FEW people are callous or stupid enough to say that war is actually a good or desirable thing.

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But certain people have worked out the theory that war exists to save the world from overpopulation, Charming thought, isn't it?

Let's see if the bookkeeping of the World War bears it out. In the War, it cost \$25,000 to kill one man. That's the official price tag or each of those neat little white wooden crosses that bloom where poppies used to grow.

Invested at a modest 5%, \$25,000 would give a return of \$1250 each year. The average income, for the head of a family in the United States, certainly isn't much over \$1000 a year. It's less in other countries.

So it seems the world got stuck. We paid too high a price to get rid of those 17,000,000 men, who might have been "excess population" to some, but not to the people who loved them. Another war threatens. \$25,000 will seem a bargain basement figure in comparison to the cost of blowing a decent human to hell in the coming war, and 17,000,000 dead will be only a beginning.

But gruesome, sordid, horrible figures, and deploring the monstrosity of the *last* war will not stop the *next*. The only thing that will stop it is concerted effort by all of us. Any one who passively sits by is guilty of helping make war possible. You must *act!*

What YOU can do about it-

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war

We feel that intelligent efforts can and must be made against war and toward a secure peace. It you think so, too, we invite you to write to World Peaceways, Room 902, 103 Park Avenue New York.



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ARNOLD GINGRICH

EDITOR

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